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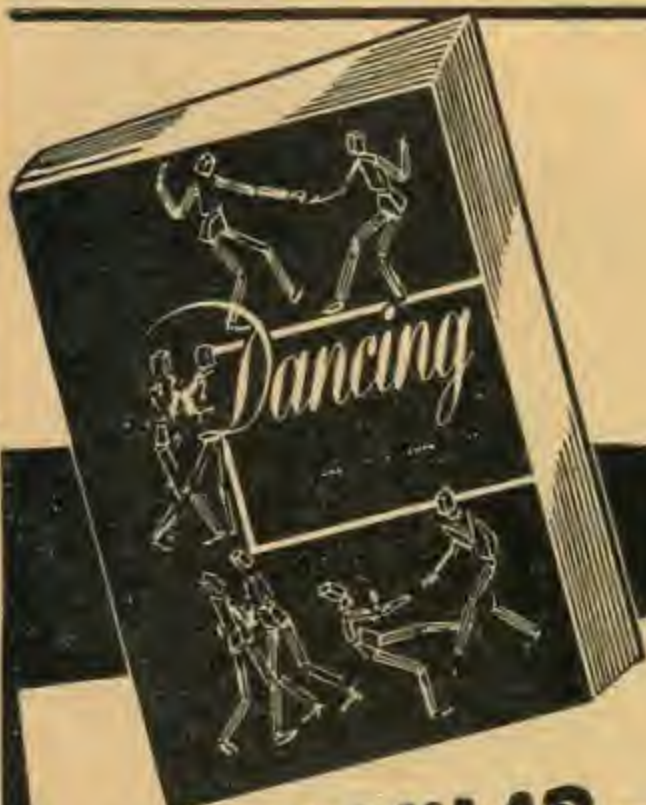
Shadow

THE L. S. KATZ STORY

MONEY'S
YOUR **10¢** WORTH
FIFTY-TWO
PAGES



THE SHADOW'S
MOST FAMOUS CASE
DOUBLE Z
PROVING AGAIN THAT
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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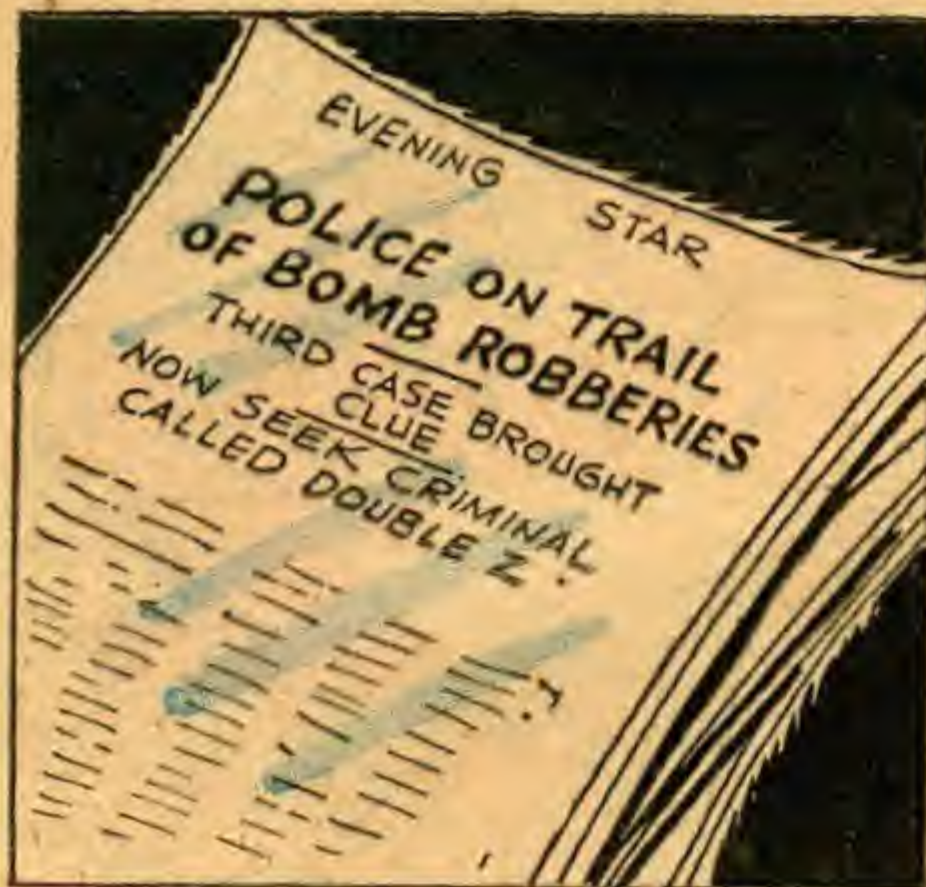
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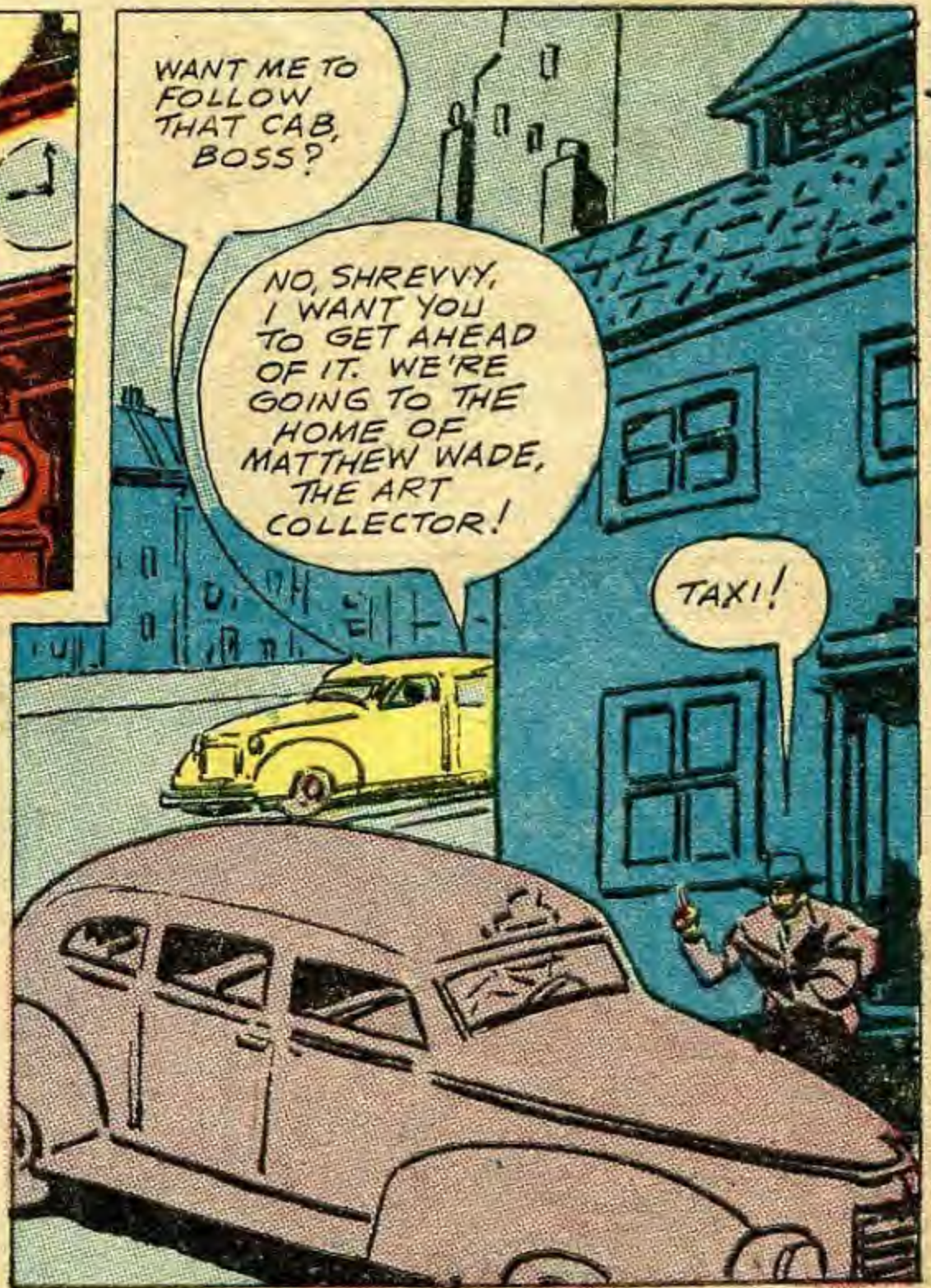
Address

City State

The Shadow Meets DOUBLE Z











THE NEXT DAY...

Commissioner:
You were lucky
at Wade's - To prove
your luck will
not hold, tonight
I shall rob the
vault of the
Jewel Exchange!

HOAX OR NO,
I'LL PUT A CORDON
AROUND THE EXCHANGE
BUILDING AFTER
DARK!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A
HOAX, COMMISSIONER!
ZELVIN COULDN'T
BE SO BOLD, EVEN
IF HE IS AT
LARGE!

BUT,
LAMONT,
I THOUGHT..

LET'S
THINK
LATER,
MARGO

AT DUSK...

THIS WILL OUT-
WIT THE POLICE,
MY SYSTEM OF
REACHING THE
VAULT OF THE
JEWEL EXCHANGE
FROM THE ROOF
OF THE BUILDING

IT WON'T BE THAT
EASY, DOUBLE Z!

THE SHADOW!
ONE OF US
MUST DIE
!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS
LET THIS BOMB DOWN
THROUGH THE AIR-
SHAFT, BLOW THE WALL
OF THE VAULT, AND
THEN GO DOWN!



AND NOW FOR THE GREAT SURPRISE...

HERE'S DOUBLE Z,
COMMISSIONER!

WHY... IT ISN'T
ZACHARY ZELVIN...
IT'S MATTHEW
WADE!

OF COURSE,
COMMISSIONER.
TAKE A BETTER
LOOK AT THE
ORIGINAL CLUE
AND YOU'LL FIND
THAT ITS INITIALS
ARE M.W. AND
NOT Z.Z.!

HERE'S ZELVIN,
COMMISSIONER.
WE JUST
FOUND HIM

THAT CLOCK WASN'T
A BOMB, COMMISSIONER.
THE CHARGE MUST
HAVE BEEN IN
WADE'S TABLE.
HE SET IT OFF...

TO FRAME YOU,
ZELVIN. YOU'RE
NOW A FREE
MAN

THAT'S RIGHT,
MARGO, AND
THE SHADOW
DID!

SO, ALL THE
SHADOW HAD
TO DO WAS
TRAIL WADE
HERE AND TRAP
HIM!



WHEN WADE LEARNED
YOU'D FOUND THE M.W.
COIN, HE HAD TO MISLEAD
YOU, SO HE SENT A NOTE
WITH THE MONOGRAM
TURNED SO IT READ
Z.Z.!

AND HE FRAMED
ZACHARY ZELVIN
AS A SCAPEGOAT
BECAUSE HIS
NAME FITTED
THOSE WRONG
INITIALS! NOW I
UNDERSTAND!

BE SURE TO READ

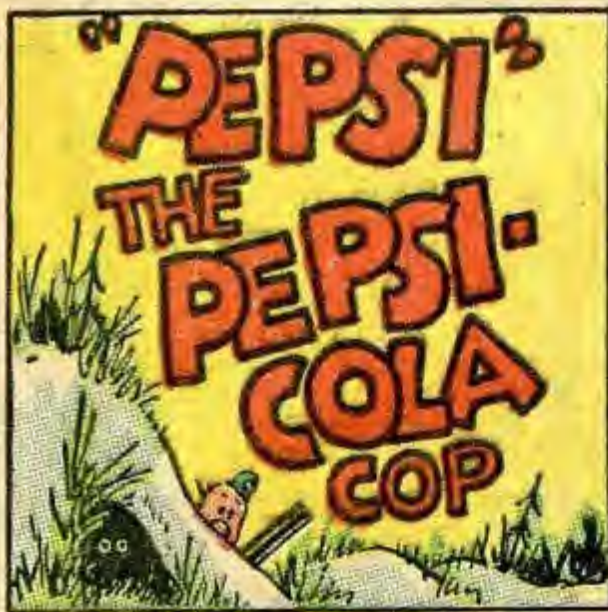
CRIME OVER CASCO

THE SHADOW'S
WEIRDEST
ADVENTURE

in the

SHADOW MAGAZINE

Now on Sale

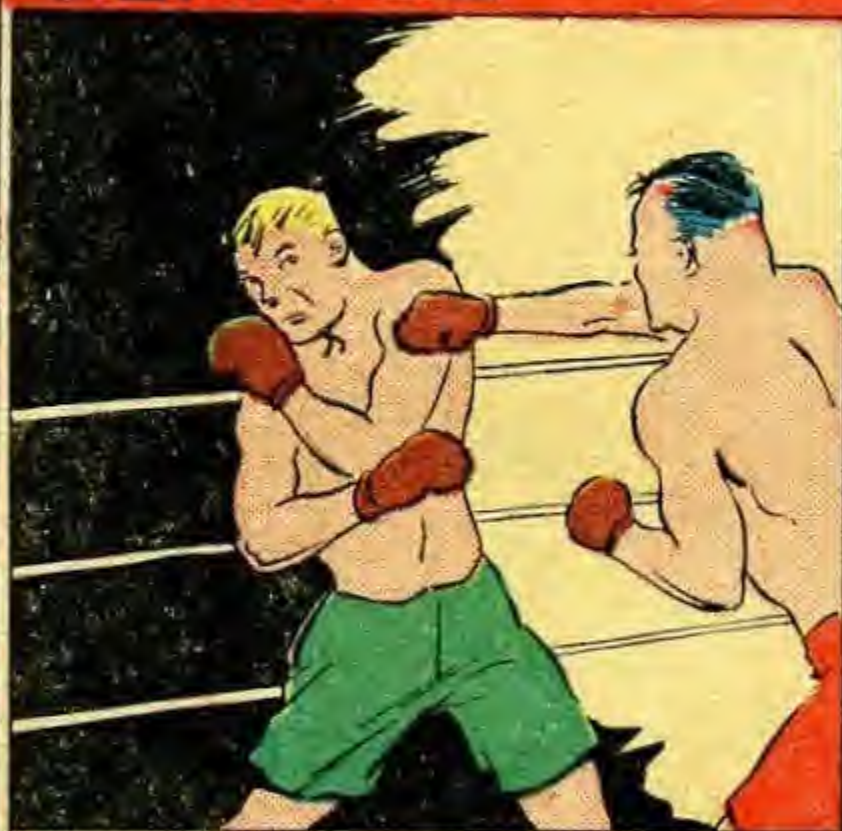


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THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH THORNTON FISHER

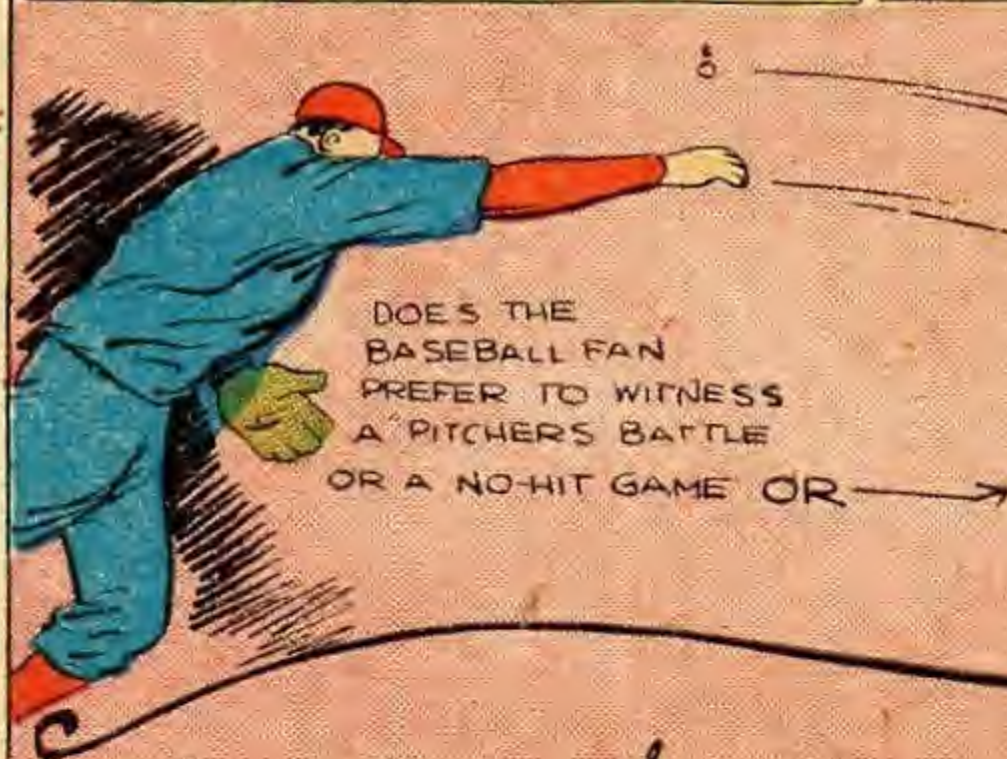
WELL, FELLOWS
IF YOU WANT TO
START SOME ARGUMENTS
HERE ARE A FEW
SUBJECTS GUARANTEED
TO KEEP THE WELKIN
RINGING - TRY THEM
ON THE BOYS - SEE
WHAT THEY SAY -
YOU'LL BE SUR-
PRISED -



BOXING HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS
"THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE"
DOES THE SPORT FAN PREFER TO
SEE SKILLED SCIENTIFIC BOXING AS
SUCH OR →



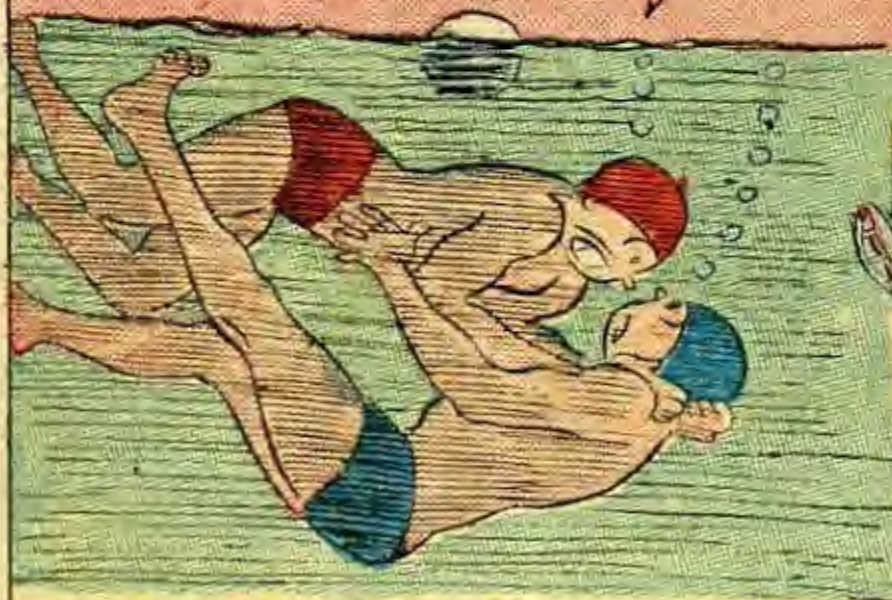
TWO FIGHTERS WHO GO IN SLUGGING INTENT
UPON KNOCKING THE OTHER ONE COLD
WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE FINE POINTS OF THE
GAME ?



DOES THE
BASEBALL FAN
PREFER TO WITNESS
A PITCHER'S BATTLE
OR A NO-HIT GAME OR →



DOES HE PREFER
TO SEE THE
BATTERS HAVE A
FIELD DAY?



IS WATER POLO A TOUGHER,
ROUGHER SPORT THAN →



ICE HOCKEY? WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

DOC SAVAGE

"LIVE,
EVIL...
VEIL"

DOC SAVAGE'S ONLY CLUE AGAINST A BAND THAT IS DEDICATED TO 'EVIL' IMPURE AND UNSIMPLE, IS THE FACT THAT A PARALYSIS RAY, THAT IMMOBILIZED MONK AND DOC, HAD NO EFFECT ON THE EERIE GROUP THAT IS DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT "TO LIVE IS EVIL"



TRACKING DOWN THE
'ELDERS OF EVIL'....

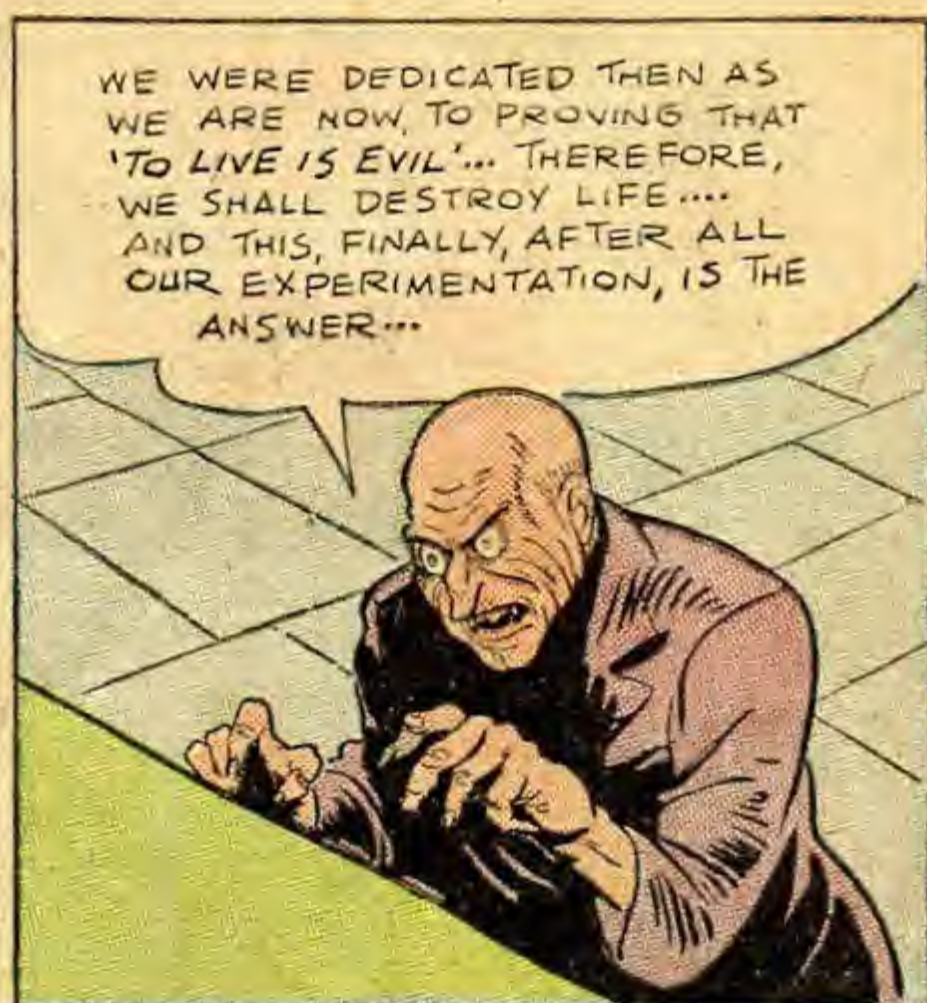


GIMME A
CLUE, WHAT
ARE WE
GONNA DO?

FOLLOW MY LEAD.
WE ARE GOING TO
RID THE EARTH
OF THESE FOUL
MENACES!



HERE IS THAT WHICH WE SHALL FULFILL OUR ANCIENT DESTINY... FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS, WE HAVE TRIED TO DESTROY THE EARTH AND ALL UPON IT...



WE WERE DEDICATED THEN AS WE ARE NOW, TO PROVING THAT 'TO LIVE IS EVIL'... THEREFORE, WE SHALL DESTROY LIFE... AND THIS, FINALLY, AFTER ALL OUR EXPERIMENTATION, IS THE ANSWER...



DOC, GULP.... LOOKA ALL THOSE DOBS AND KNIALS... I MEAN...

SHHH! DON'T GET TOO UPSET...



READY, SET... GO... AND IF WE FAIL, ALL MANKIND DIES!

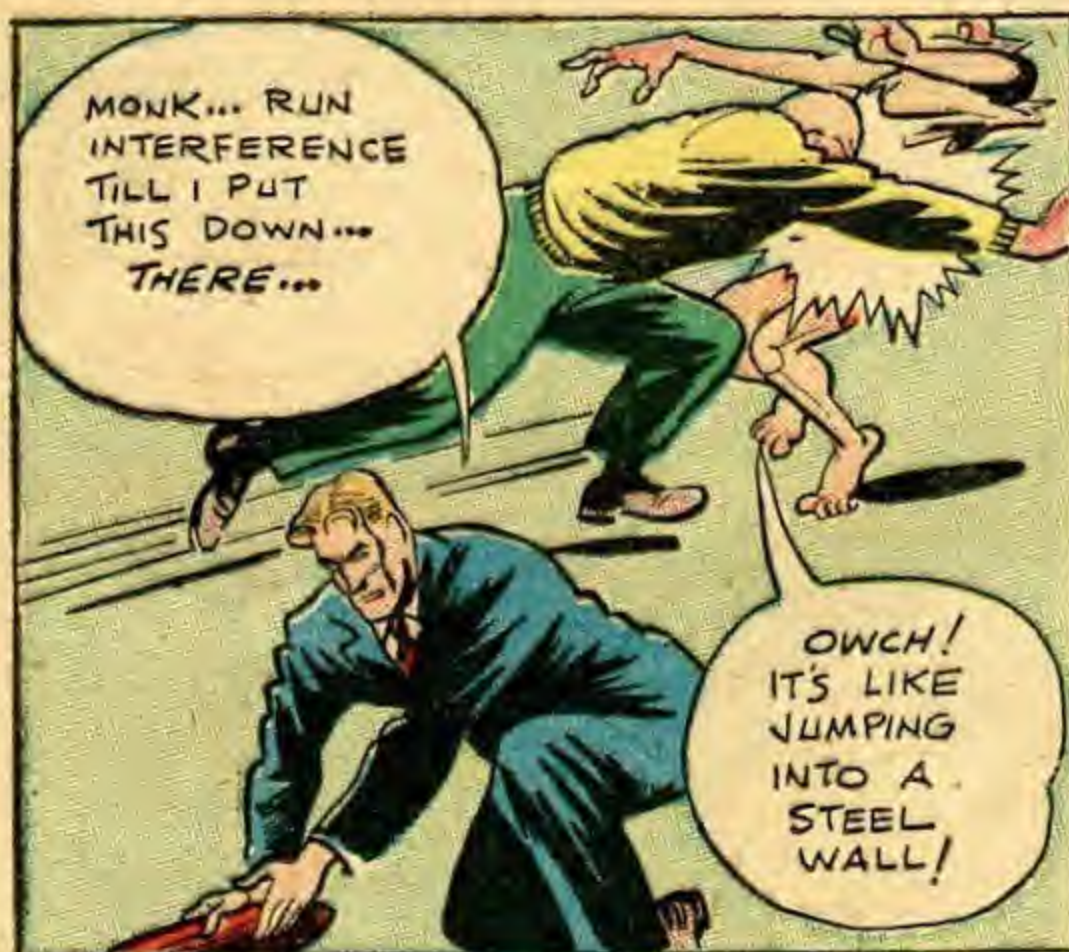
WE CAN'T FAIL! WE GOTTA DO IT!



INTRUDERS! THEY HAVE, SOMEHOW, ESCAPED AND RETURNED!

NO, YOU DON'T... LET GO OF THAT INFERNAL CONTRAPTION OR I'LL TEAR YOUR ARM OFF...





MONK... RUN
INTERFERENCE
TILL I PUT
THIS DOWN...
THERE...

OWCH!
IT'S LIKE
JUMPING
INTO A
STEEL
WALL!



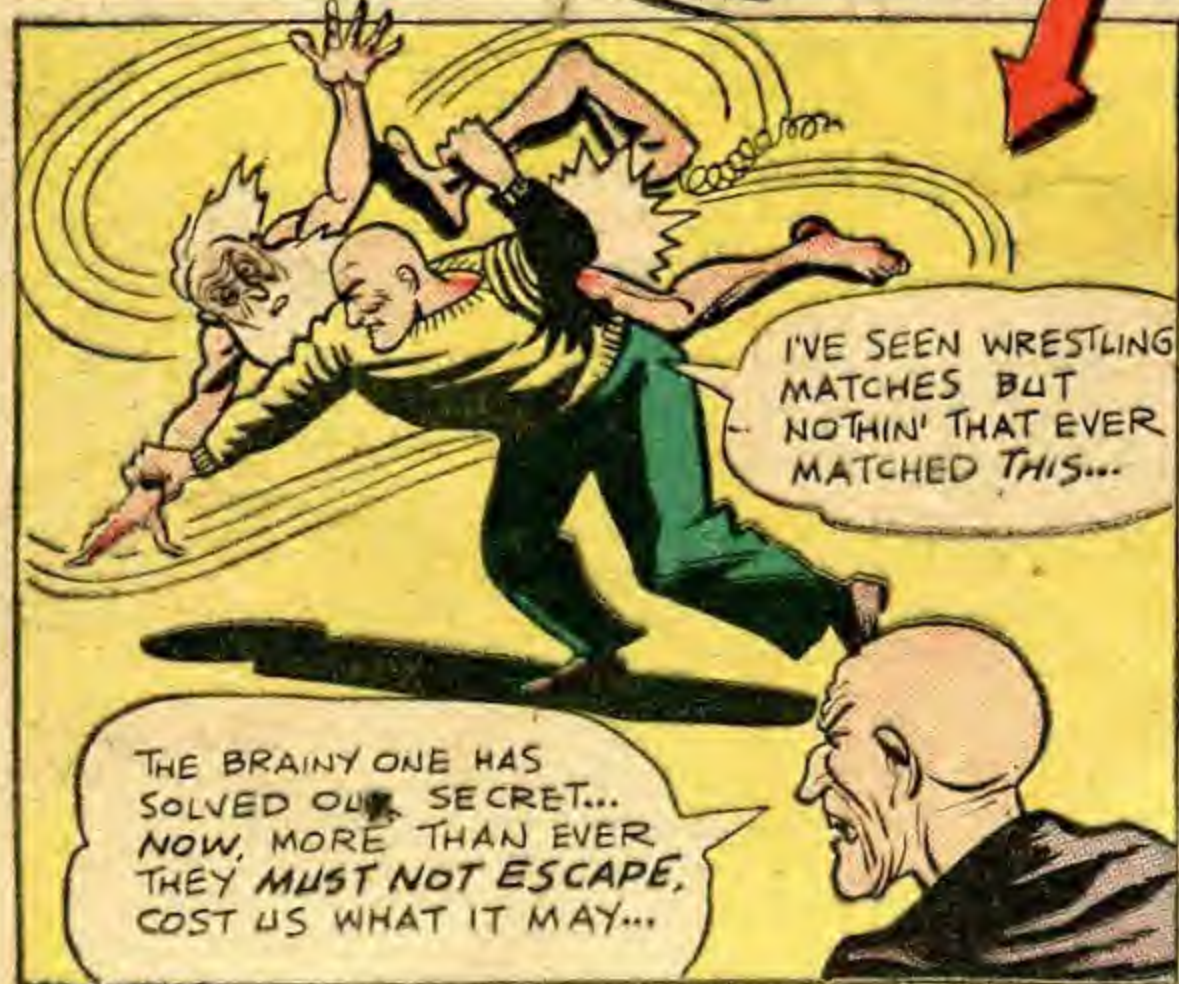
SHOW NO MERCY,
MONK, WE'RE NOT
DEALING WITH
HUMANS... THESE
ARE MACHINES...
DIABOLICAL MACHINES...
THAT THINK THAT THEY
CARRY OUT SOME
LONG-DEAD MONSTER'S
PLAN...

MONSTER?
IS IT SO YOU SPEAK
OF ATLANTIS'
GREATEST SCIENTIST?
FOR THAT YOU
WILL DIE
SLOWLY...



THAT HAD TO BE THE
ANSWER TO THEIR LIVING
A 1,000 YEARS OR MORE..
I'LL BET THAT WHEN
ATLANTIS SANK, IT SANK
BECAUSE OF THE SAME
MONSTER WHO PUT THESE
'THINGS' IN OPERATION!

DOC, YER RIGHT!
LOOK'A... HE'S
MADE OF GEARS
AND WHEELS!



I'VE SEEN WRESTLING
MATCHES BUT
NOTHIN' THAT EVER
MATCHED THIS...

THE BRAINY ONE HAS
SOLVED OUR SECRET...
NOW, MORE THAN EVER
THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE,
COST US WHAT IT MAY...



THRU ALL THESE YEARS, WE HAVE
KEPT THE PLANET IN A TURMOIL...
WE HAVE CAUSED WAR AFTER
WAR... WE HAVE LET LOOSE
PLAGUES... KEPT GOVERNMENTS
IN POWER THAT WE KNEW WOULD
CAUSE TROUBLE AND REVOLUTION
JUST SO AS TO GIVE US TIME TO
FIND THE WEAPON TO
COMPLETELY DESTROY THE
EARTH...

YOU ROTTEN
MACHINES... IF
YOU'RE REALLY
BEHIND ALL THAT,
I'M GONNA ENJOY
TAKING YOU APART!



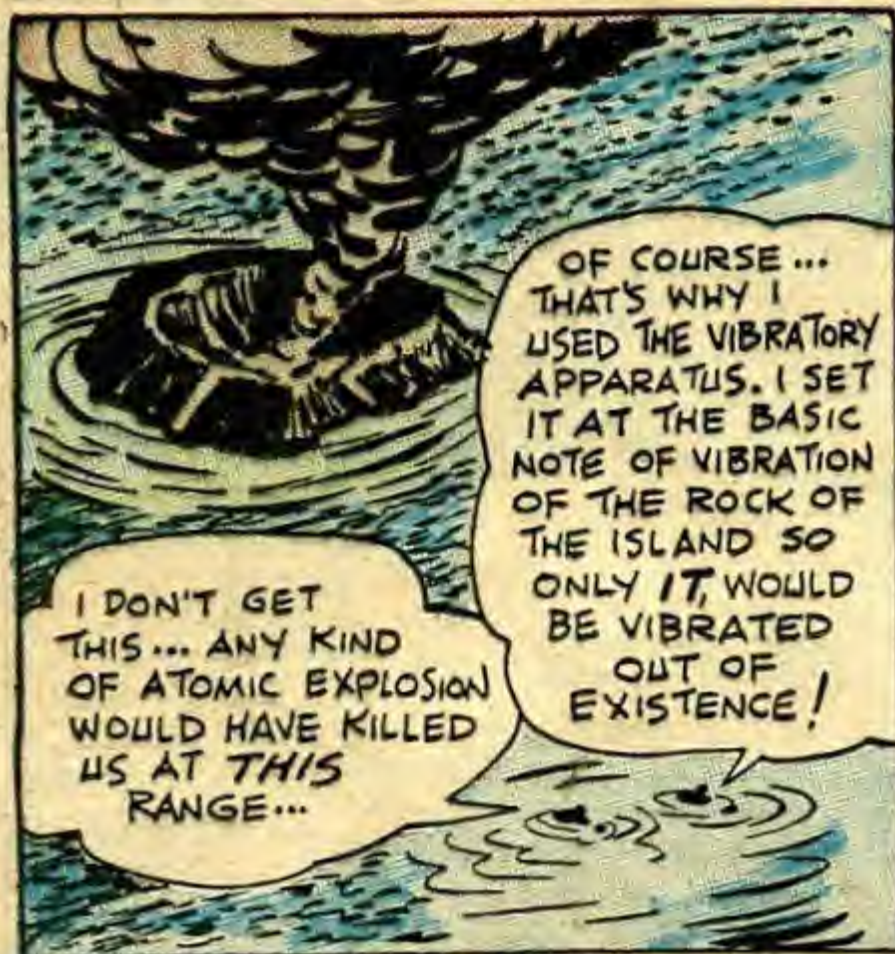
HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT
WILL HAPPEN EVEN IN
THE WATER... BUT, WE'LL
BE A TRIFLE SAFER THERE...

AND IT
AIN'T EVEN
SATURDAY...



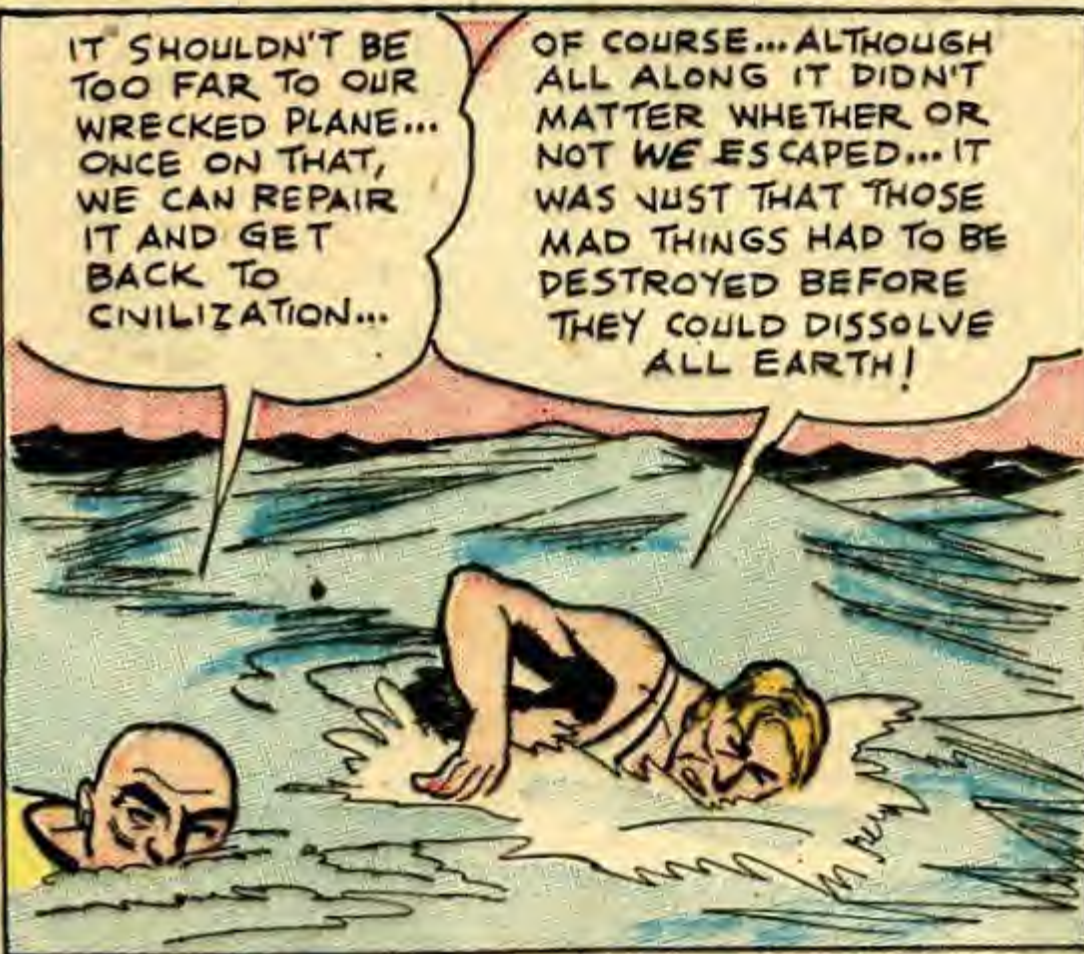
THERE IT GOES...
DOC... THERE'S
NO SOUND TO
THE EXPLOSION!

NO... AND THAT'S
THE ONE THING
I'M HOPING
WILL SAVE
US!



I DON'T GET
THIS... ANY KIND
OF ATOMIC EXPLOSION
WOULD HAVE KILLED
US AT THIS
RANGE...

OF COURSE...
THAT'S WHY I
USED THE VIBRATORY
APPARATUS. I SET
IT AT THE BASIC
NOTE OF VIBRATION
OF THE ROCK OF
THE ISLAND SO
ONLY IT, WOULD
BE VIBRATED
OUT OF
EXISTENCE!



IT SHOULDN'T BE
TOO FAR TO OUR
WRECKED PLANE...
ONCE ON THAT,
WE CAN REPAIR
IT AND GET
BACK TO
CIVILIZATION...

OF COURSE... ALTHOUGH
ALL ALONG IT DIDN'T
MATTER WHETHER OR
NOT WE ESCAPED... IT
WAS JUST THAT THOSE
MAD THINGS HAD TO BE
DESTROYED BEFORE
THEY COULD DISSOLVE
ALL EARTH!

WE SHOWED THEM THEIR
MOTTO WAS WRONG...
ABOUT... 'LIVE IS EVIL
SPELLED BACKWARDS...'

YES... THEY FORGOT ONE THING...
THE SAME LETTERS ALSO SPELL
VEIL! AND THEY WILL BE
FOREVER VEILED NOW... NO
ONE WILL EVER SEE THEM
OR THEIR EVIL THRU THAT VEIL...





IT MAY JUST BE A CRANK NOTE, CRANSTON. WHAT DO YOU THINK, INSPECTOR?

FOR ONE THING, THAT MR. E. BUSINESS IS A GAG. IT'S JUST A TRICK WAY OF SPELLING "MYSTERY"

NEVERTHELESS, WE SHOULD CALL ON ARTEMUS Q. DIRKLE.

Dear Commissioner:
 My life is in danger. An enemy seeks my great secret. You must save me.
 Artemus Q. Dirkle
 P.S. Beware of Mr. E!





HERE'S DIRKLE'S HOUSE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED ALREADY!

IT HAS, COMMISSIONER. MR. DIRKLE IS DEAD. HE COMMITTED SUICIDE BY GAS!



IT DOES SOUND LIKE A CRANK NOTE, CRANSTON. PEOPLE OFTEN SEND THEM BEFORE COMMITTING SUICIDE

WE'D BETTER LOOK AT THE ROOM FIRST, COMMISSIONER



IT DOES SING, AND VERY PRETTILY

THE WINDOW WAS CLAMPED AND THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. THE ROOM WAS COMPLETELY FILLED WITH GAS

CHIRP... CHIRP... TRILL... TRILL...



WHAT A PRETTY CANARY! I WONDER IF IT SINGS?

HERE'S THE GAS JET THAT DIRKLE TURNED ON!



A SUICIDE, UNQUESTIONABLY

ONE MOMENT, COMMISSIONER



A BRAND NEW GAS JET IN AN OLD HOUSE. RATHER ODD. SUPPOSE WE SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL!

ALRIGHT, CRANSTON. JUST TO PROVE HOW ABSURD YOUR THEORY IS, WE'LL GO AROUND TO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR



IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR TO DIRKLE'S, THEY FIND...

THERE YOU ARE, COMMISSIONER, A COMPRESSED GAS TANK PIPED STRAIGHT TO DIRKLE'S ROOM!

THEN DIRKLE WAS MURDERED!

WE'LL TRACE WHERE THIS TANK AND THAT PHONEY GAS JET CAME FROM, COMMISSIONER



MEANWHILE...

HELLO, YOUNG LADY. I'VE COME TO GET POOR MR. DIRKLE'S CANARY. I PROMISED HIM I'D TAKE CARE OF IT

OF COURSE... PARDON ME, THERE'S THE TELEPHONE



THE OLD DAME CAME FOR DIRKLE'S CANARY

LET HER HAVE IT, SHE'S WELCOME TO IT

WELL, COMMISSIONER, I'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER

HELLO... WHAT'S THAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU... AN ADDRESS? WAIT, I'LL WRITE IT DOWN...



AROUND THE CORNER, LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW...



AND HAS GONE UPON SOME MYSTERIOUS MISSION WHEN MARGO LANE COMES DOWN DIRKLE'S...



YOU SAY LAMONT HAS LEFT, COMMISSIONER?

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS LANE. YOU'LL PROBABLY REACH HIM AT THE COBALT CLUB, WHERE HE USUALLY GOES

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THE COMMISSIONER ABOUT THAT PHONE CALL... OR MAYBE I SHOULD WAIT AND TELL LAMONT...



BUT SINCE I HAVE THE ADDRESS...



... AND HERE'S THE PLACE ITSELF! I SUPPOSE I MAY AS WELL RING THE JANITOR AND FIND OUT WHAT HE KNOWS!









LATER..

THERE'S DIRKLE'S
GREAT INVENTION,
COMMISSIONER. A
MECHANICAL BIRD
THAT WARBLER
WHEN YOU
APPROACH IT!

MY WORD!
SUCH A COMPACT
MECHANISM
COULD HAVE A
THOUSAND USES
AND IS WORTH
A FORTUNE!

THE SHADOW
WAS WATCHING
FOR SOMEONE
TO TAKE THE
CAGE. HE HAD
ALREADY TRAILED
MR. E. WHEN
I WAS TRAPPED!

THAT'S RIGHT,
COMMISSIONER.
THE PHONE CALL
WAS TIMED TO
DISTRACT ATTENTION
FROM THE THEFT
OF THE CAGE



BUT HOW DID
THE SHADOW
KNOW THE
CANARY WAS
MECHANICAL?

SIMPLY
ENOUGH.
OLD DIRKLE
DIED IN A
GAS-FILLED
ROOM. A
REAL CANARY
WOULD HAVE
DIED THERE,
TOO!



THE BIRD
STOPPED
SINGING WHEN
I PICKED THE
CAGE UP!

JUST AS IT DID
WHEN MR. E.
TOOK IT. THAT'S
ANOTHER FEATURE
OF ITS REMARKABLE
MECHANISM

THERE GOES
MR. E. AND HIS
CREW. ANOTHER
CRIME SQUELCHED
BY THE SHADOW!



FIVE FATHOMS DEAD

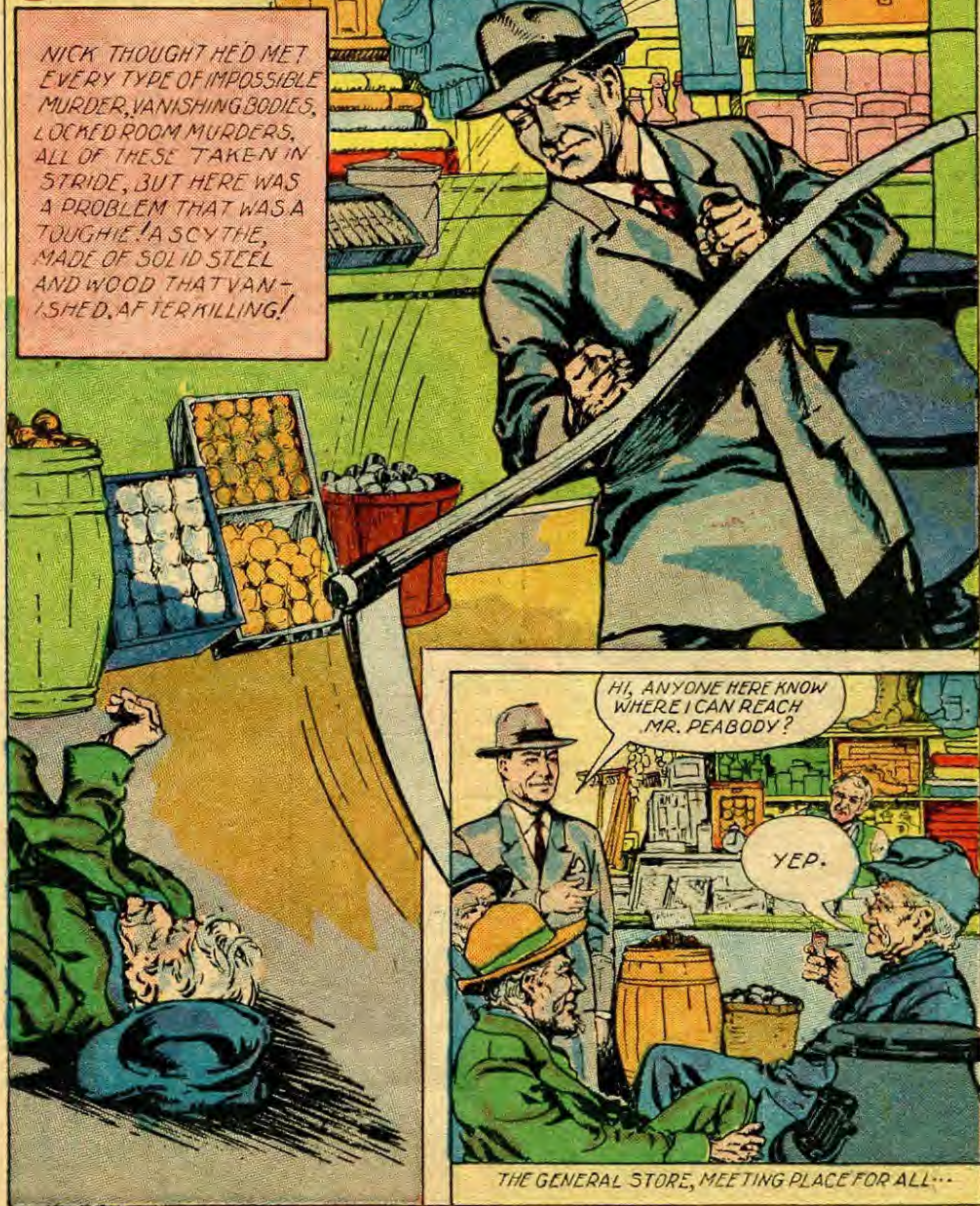
is one of the most
THRILLING STORIES
ever published in the

DOC SAVAGE
MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE
You'll Enjoy It

NICK CARTER The SUICIDE SCYTHE!

NICK THOUGHT HE'D MET EVERY TYPE OF IMPOSSIBLE MURDER, VANISHING BODIES, LOCKED ROOM MURDERS, ALL OF THESE TAKEN IN STRIDE, BUT HERE WAS A PROBLEM THAT WAS A TOUGHIE! A SCYTHER, MADE OF SOLID STEEL AND WOOD THAT VANISHED, AFTER KILLING!



THE GENERAL STORE, MEETING PLACE FOR ALL...



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHT GOES OUT AS THO' BLOWN BY A GIANT BREATH!





IT'S MINE.. HE GUV
IT TO ME.. I GOT
AN UMBRELLA!

ISN'T THIS JOLLY.. A HALF
WIT WITH A BEACH UM-
BRELLA, A DEAD MAN
WITH HIS THROAT CUT,
AND AN UNUSED SCYTHE..
WHOEVER KILLED THE FARMER
MUST STILL HAVE THE
CUTTING WEAPON
ON HIM....



IF YE THINK THAT, YE
BETTER LOOK US OVER
AND FIND OUT WHO
KILLED MR. PEABODY!

YOU MEAN THE DEAD MAN
IS PEABODY? WHY DIDN'T HE
SPEAK UP? HE WAS THE ONE
WHO WROTE AND ASKED ME
FOR MY HELP...



IT'S MY BUMBLESHOOT.
I WON'T TELL YOU WHO
GUV IT TO ME OR HE MAY
TAKE IT BACK!

YOU, HARRY,
WHERE DID YOU GET
THAT UMBRELLA?



RECKON IF YE'RE BAFFLED
I MIGHT AS WELL CALL
IN THE SHERIFF! HE
CAN'T DO ANY WORSE!

NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING
THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN USED.
YOU ALL HAVE POCKET KNIVES
BUT NONE OF THEM ARE STAINED..
BESIDES I DON'T THINK A KNIFE
WAS USED...



I WONDER WHAT CONNECTION
THAT UMBRELLA HAS WITH THIS
KILLING? AND IF HE WAS KILLED
WITH A SCYTHE, AND THAT
CUT LOOKS AS IF HE WAS,
WHERE DID THE SCYTHE GO?



THE SHERIFF QUESTIONS THE MEN TILL LATE THAT NIGHT...



AN UNEASY NIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A GHASTLY DAYBREAK...











**LIKE TO FOOL
YOUR FRIENDS?**

**READ THE MAGIC PAGES
in the**

**SUPER MAGICIAN
COMICS**

**Which Shows You How
To Perform Many Tricks**



CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE RIDDLE OF BHAT'S EYES!

Chick was still laughing and wiping the snow off his face, as he, as well as the rest of the members of the Inner Circle came in out of the snow. They'd had a snow ball fight to end all snow fights. Beef was saying querulously as they came in: "It's not fair having Chick on the opposing side. Since he learned how to heave a hand grenade in the Army, he's too good."

"G'wan," said Chick, you're just alibing 'cause you can't hit the side of a barn door!"

"A barn door?" laughed Sue, wiping the snow out of her eyes, "he got me smack between the eyes!"

Chick looked momentarily thoughtful as he stepped up onto the raised platform at the front of the hall they meet in. "Between the eyes..." He looked thoughtful again.

"That was part of the riddle of Bhat's eyes... what was between them!"

The boys and girls, members all of the Inner Circle, brightened, they knew what that tone of voice meant... a story of Chick's activities in fighting crime.

"What was between the eyes and what was in back of them! That was the question. It was a bizarre case all around." Chick had a drink of water, then resumed, "A Mr. Frammington, a wealthy jewel col-

lector with more money than good sense, was the one who called us in."

"Us", the members knew meant Chick and his famous foster father, Nick Carter.

"We started out together, Nick and I, but as we left the house in answer to Mr. Frammington's call, Nick got a phone call from the police. He had to leave me to go on a murder case. He deputized me to act for him. Frammington was a little startled I could see, to find anyone as young as me coming in answer to his call. I think I managed to impress him, for after a little dilly dallying and hesitation he unbent a trifle and told me what was on his mind.

"He opened a small wall safe and showed me the prize of his collection and quite a prize it was!"

Chick looked around for some method of comparison. He saw a melting snowball on the floor. He pointed to it.

"You may not believe this," he said, "but this ruby was the size of that snowball! It was completely unreal looking. You couldn't bring yourself to the realization that it was a bona fide gem and not a fake. It was real all right though. He had paid a king's ransom for it.

"I asked if someone were trying to steal it as that seemed the most obvious thing. I was wrong seemingly. For he showed me a letter he'd received. It was a strange message. It was scrawled in red crayon on very old parchment. It said as close as I can

remember, 'With only one eye. I can see further than any mortal . . . I can see that thou hast stolen that which is mine! I will have it back!' It was signed Bhat. . . ." Chick's voice trailed off as Sue spoke.

"Bhat?" She looked puzzled. "How can that be? Bhat is an East Indian goddess, isn't she?"



Chick nodded. "Yes. It didn't seem very plausible that a statue of a goddess should get around to letter writing. But Frammington was sure that it was a priest who had written the letter I . . ." Chick stopped speaking again as Beef interrupted.

"Gee, Indians with knives, out to try and get back a stolen gem! I'll bet Mr. Frammington was scared!"

"Curiously enough," said Chick, "he wasn't frightened at all! He wasn't the least bit worried about the priests or the goddess despite the fact that Bhat is the goddess of death! . . . No indeed! All he wanted to do was buy the other eye! The other ruby! He had called me in to protect him when he had a meeting with some man who had sworn he knew where the other 'eye' was and had promised to sell it to Frammington!"

The members were all ears now. Stolen rubies and a goddess of death! They knew

that there must be a strange bit of chicanery coming . . . there was! Chick cleared his throat and said, "I waited, hidden behind a curtain while Mr. Frammington kept his appointment.

"The man who entered the room was a small, dark complexioned man with a peculiar scar that distorted his face so that he wore a perpetual grin. He smiled even while his eyes darted around the room suspiciously. He kept his hand in his pocket. He said, 'Before we go any further Mr. Frammington, I want to check my gem with yours. I have reconsidered. Instead of selling you mine, I'd like to buy yours!'

"Well, Frammington went through the ceiling at that. He swore he'd have both gems if it was the last thing he ever did. He went to his safe still mumbling under



his breath. He opened the safe and took out Bhat's eye. Meanwhile the little man kept his hand in his pocket. Frammington came closer holding his jewel in his hand. The little man took it from him and held it up to the light. He barely breathed. 'It is it! It is Bhat's other eye.' Just as he said this, there was a sudden shocking sound just outside the window. Frammington jumped about a foot off the floor in sheer nervous-

ness. I never took my eyes off the little man.

"Frammington twitched, muttered something about it must have been a car back firing and looked back at the gem. The little man handed it back to him and Frammington returned it to the safe. As he clicked the safe's tumblers into place the little man took his hand out of his pocket. He said, 'Since you have been kind enough to show me your gem, here is mine.'

"Frammington placed a jeweler's loupe to his eye and stared at the ruby which the little, perpetually smiling man had given him. Frammington breathed faster. He said, 'It's incredible! This is the sister gem to mine! I must have it! They are the two most perfectly matched gems I have seen in thirty years of collecting! I must have it, do you hear me! I must! How much will you take for it?'

"The little man shrugged and said that he'd like to buy Frammington's gem instead. They bickered back and forth. Frammington's eyes had an almost insane glitter. I never knew before that collecting could have quite such an effect on a man. As Frammington became more excited the little smiling man became cooler. Frammington offered him two hundred thousand dollars for his jewel. The little man countered by offering a quarter of a million for Frammington's. It went up and up like that. As little as I know about jewels, I realized that the two gems together were probably worth about four times as much as the two would be separated."

Sue nodded her head in agreement. She said, "Of course! Any matched gems are worth more as a set than they would as individual jewels."

Beef, impatient as always, said, "Get on with it, Chick! What happened?"

"For a while I think that Frammington was sorry he'd hired me to be there. If I hadn't been there, I almost think he might have done something desperate to the little man! I let the farce go on till Frammington had topped the little man's last offer. He had raised the ante to a half a million dollars. The little man shrugged his shoulders in defeat. He said, 'You win. I can't go any higher. I will sell you my gem!'

Frammington grinned and reached for his check book. It was at this point that I stepped out from my hiding place. The little man looked startled. He glanced around the room for an exit. There was none.

"I said, 'Mr. Frammington don't you think a half a million is a lot to pay for your own jewel?' That did it! Frammington looked fit to be tied. Holding the gem in his hand he ran to his safe and opened it. He took



out the gem he had just put there and looked at it closely! It was a fake!"

"What a clever stunt!" said Sue. "When some stooge made the sound, the little man just switched gems! Frammington didn't even bother to look closely at what he thought was his own gem! Then he proceeded to try and buy his own gem back! No wonder it was a perfect match!"

Chick nodded. "Right!"

Beef said, "But . . . but the note from Bhat . . . what about that?"

"A plant," said Chick, "sent by the little man to establish the existence of another gem in Frammington's mind!"

That closed the meeting. But as they all left, Chick called out, "Same time, same place, next month!" He waved good bye.

THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

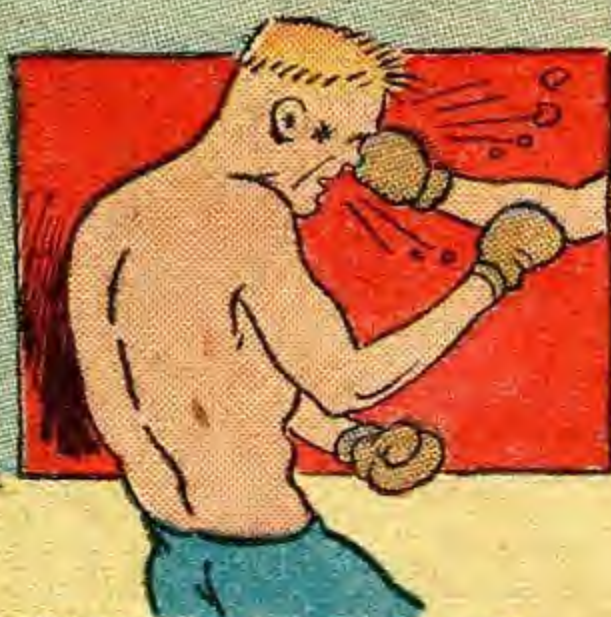
WITH
THORNTON
FISHER—

NELSON ORIGINATED
THE FAMOUS PHRASE,
"I AINT HUMAN" AND
IN THE RING HE
DIDN'T SEEM
TO BE—

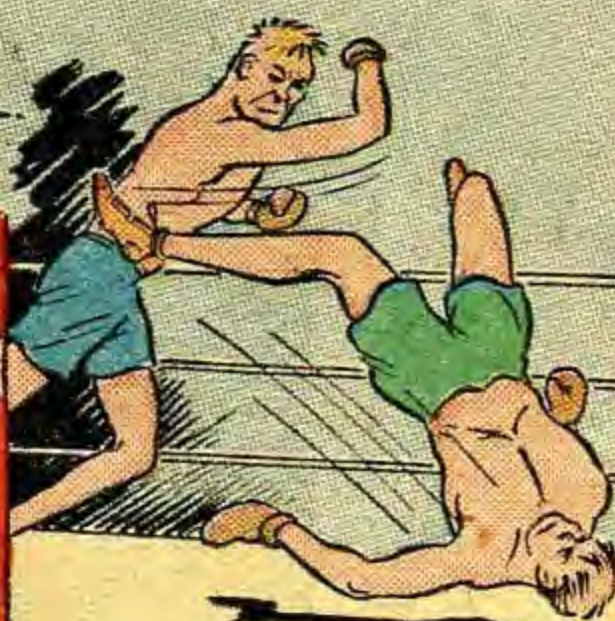


SCAR BATTLING
NELSON, ONE TIME
LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION
WAS ONE OF THE MOST
COLORFUL OF OUR
FIGHTERS—BATTLING, WHICH
WAS ACTUALLY HIS REAL
NAME WAS BORN JUNE 5
1882 AT COPENHAGEN,
DENMARK—HIS AMERICAN
HOME WAS IN HEGEWISCH, ILL.

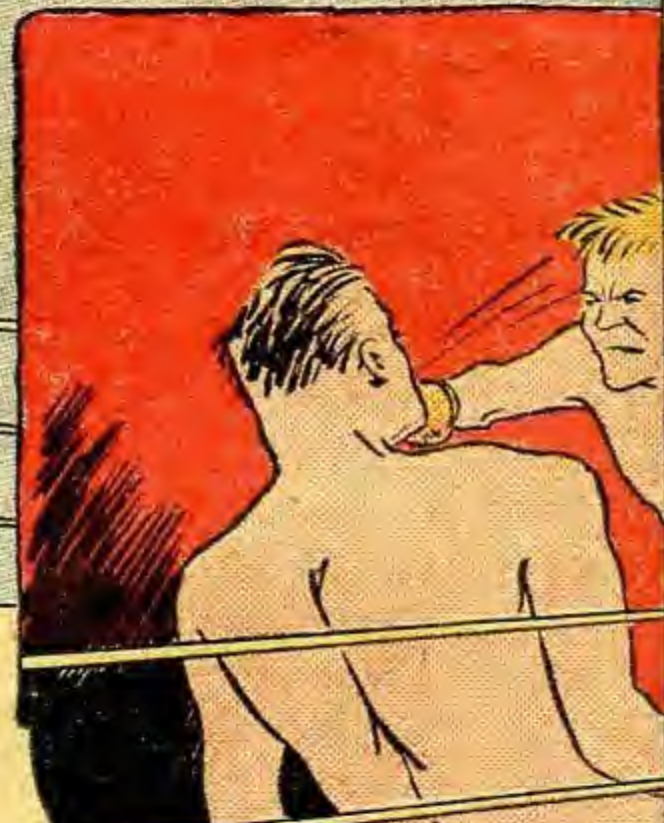
DURING HIS CAREER
NELSON FOUGHT
142 CONTESTS—
MANY OF THEM WERE
LONG ONES—



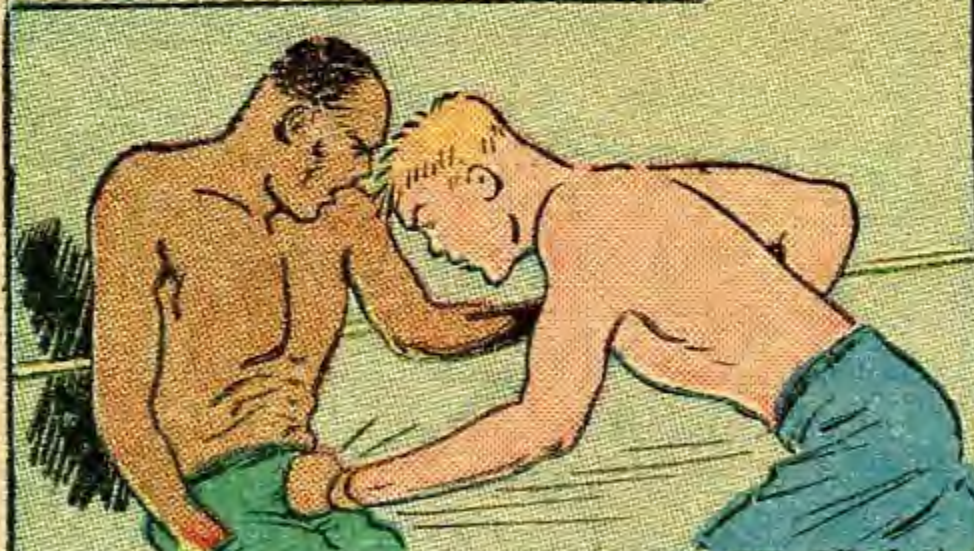
PROBABLY NO OTHER
BOXER WAS ABLE TO
ASSIMILATE SO MUCH
PUNISHMENT AS THE LITTLE
DANE—



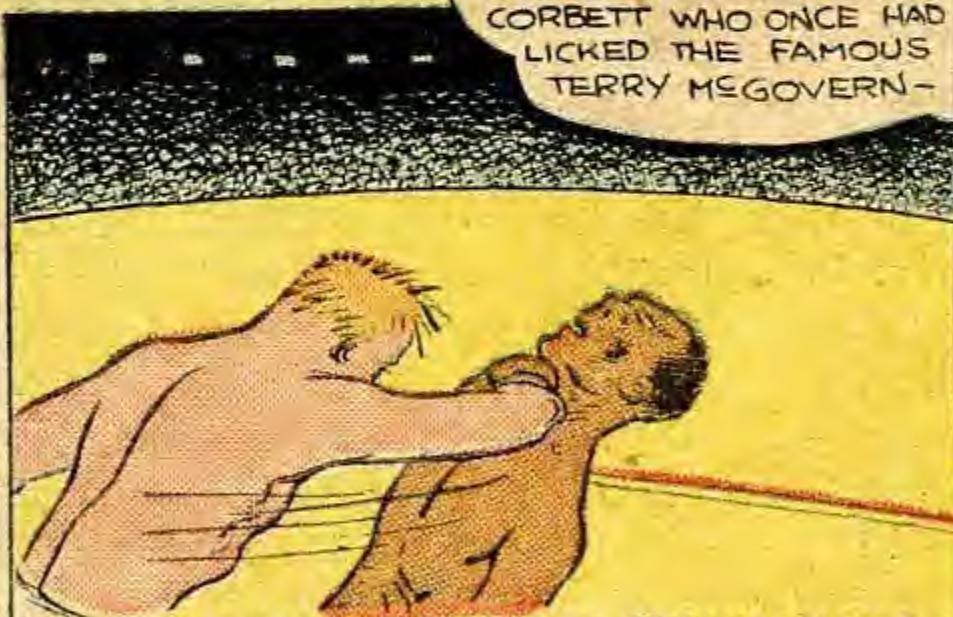
ON APRIL 5, 1902, HE FOUGHT
BILLY ROSSER AT HARVEY,
ILLINOIS—NELSON'S FIRST
BLOW KO'D ROSSER—
TIME 3 SECONDS—THE
SHORTEST FIGHT ON RECORD



THE BATTLER KNOCKED
OUT YOUNG CORBETT
TWICE—THE SAME YOUNG
CORBETT WHO ONCE HAD
LICKED THE FAMOUS
TERRY MCGOVERN—



JOE GANS, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL
COLORED FIGHTERS AND LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION
WON ON A FOUL FROM NELSON AFTER 42
ROUNDS OF TERRIFIC FIGHTING AT GOLDFIELD,
NEV. SEPT. 3, 1906—NELSON RECEIVED \$23,000
FOR HIS END—TEX RICKARD PROMOTED IT—



BUT ON JULY 4, 1908, IN A CHAMPIONSHIP
SCHEDULED FOR 45 ROUNDS AT SAN
FRANCISCO, NELSON KNOCKED OUT THE
FINE COLORED WARRIOR IN 17 RDS. TO WIN THE
TITLE—ON SEPT. 9TH OF THE SAME YEAR NELSON
KO'D GANS AGAIN—THIS TIME IN 21 ROUNDS—

FLATTY

FOOTE



FLATTY FOOTE, PRIDE OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, HAD HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF WHEN THE STRANGE, LITTLE, BENT CROOKED OLD MAN WAS FINALLY BEHIND BARS... FOR THAT MATTER, EVEN PETER PRANCE, THE INTELLECTUAL DETECTIVE, PAR EXCELLENCE, WAS HAPPY TO BE RID OF THE MENACE... BUT... CRIME REARS IT'S UGLY HEAD AGAIN...

I WAS AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE THAT OLD MANIAC BEHIND BARS...

YOU AND ME, BOTH! WHEW, WHAT A CRACKPOT! HIM AND HIS MURDEROUS NURSERY RHYMES!

"DING DONG DELL... FLATTY'S IN THE WELL..."



HEY! WHAT'S THIS? THIS GUY'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN JAIL!

TEE HEE... TO THINK THEY COULD KEEP ME IN JAIL! HEH! WHEN THE JAILER GETS THERE, HELL FIND THE CUPBOARD'S BARE!



WHAT A PRETTY SOUND! HEH... NOW FOR THE REST OF MY PLAN!

SPLAT!
CRACK!

BONG!



IT'S GOOD IT'S ONLY A LITTLE DISTANCE... THEY'RE PRETTY HEAVY! HERE GOES!



OOF! MY ACHING HEAD... WH... WHAT'S THAT?

I MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! SURE! THAT'S IT!



OH! HEH HEH! THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES AWAKE! AWAKE TO A WAKING NIGHTMARE!

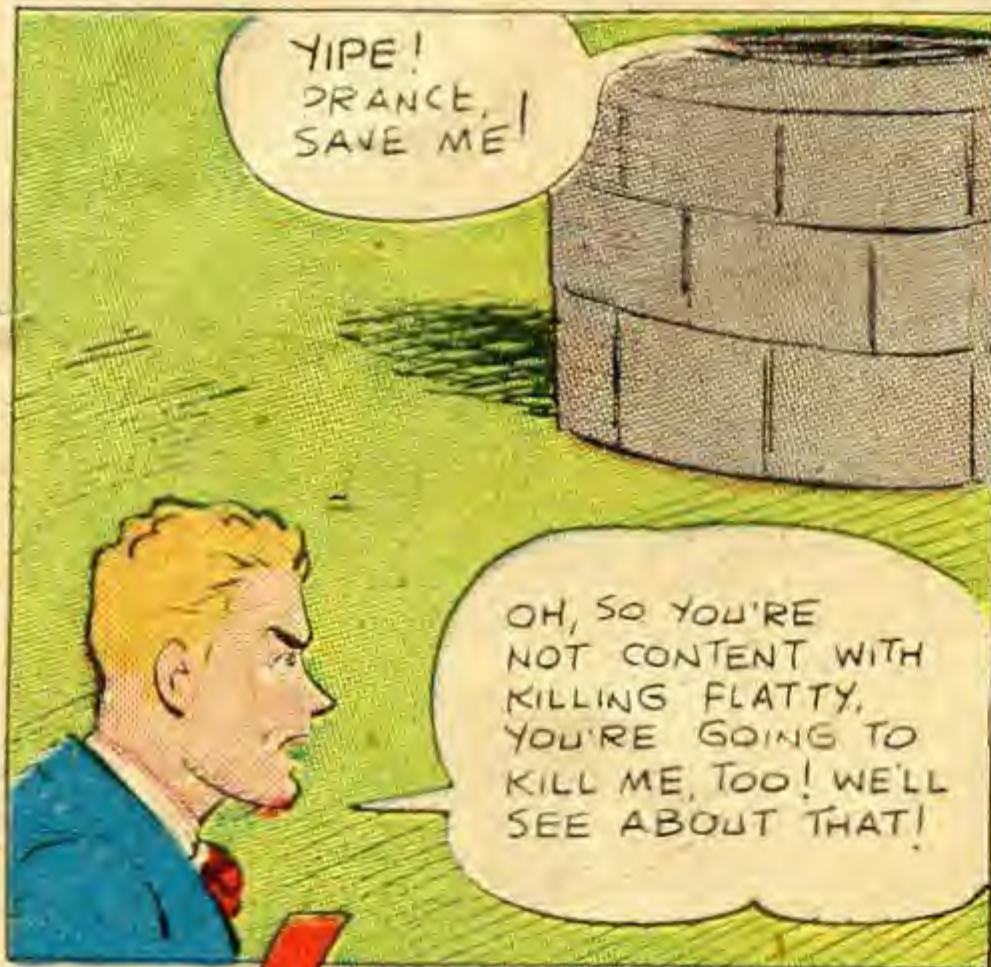
FLATTY! IT'S HIM AGAIN! THE OLD MAN!

OH, NO... IT CAN'T BE! HE'S IN JAIL!



AH, BUT IT IS... HEH HEH... DING DONG DELL... FLATTY'S IN THE WELL... WHO PUSHED HIM IN?

GULP!! IN A WELL? THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY ATTRACTIVE!





WHY... THE OGRE IS JUST A DUMMY.. THE VOICE IS FROM A PHONOGRAPH! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

JACK AND VILL WENT UP THE HILL, BUT IT'S PETER PRANCE WHO'S GOING TO BREAK HIS CROWN!



JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU AND...

COME AHEAD... SURELY IF A COW CAN JUMP OVER THE MOON, YOU CAN JUMP OVER THE COW!



OOOF... I LEAPED TOO FAR...

BUT, WHEN PRANCE GOT THERE, THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE..



THERE, THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM... NOW, TO WORK!

YIPE! HE'S LOCKING ME IN THE CUPBOARD!



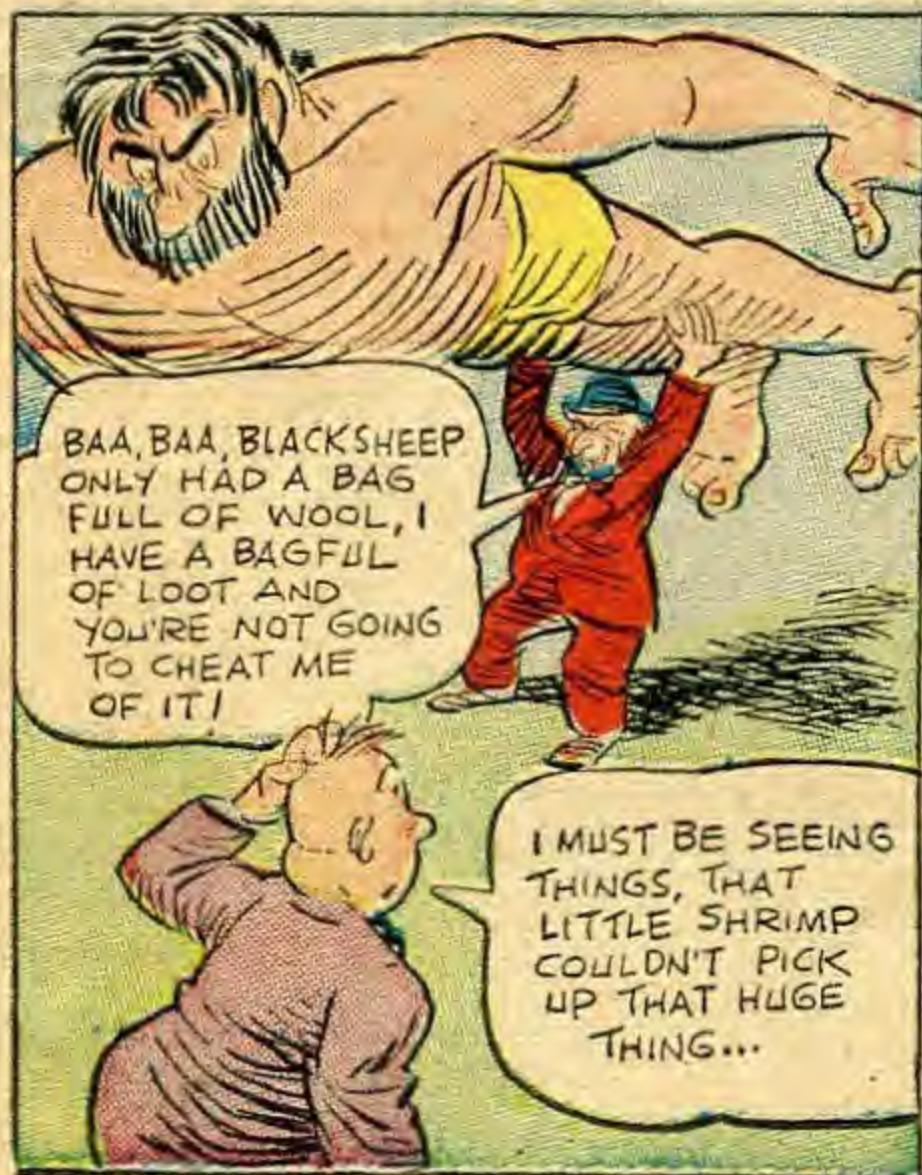
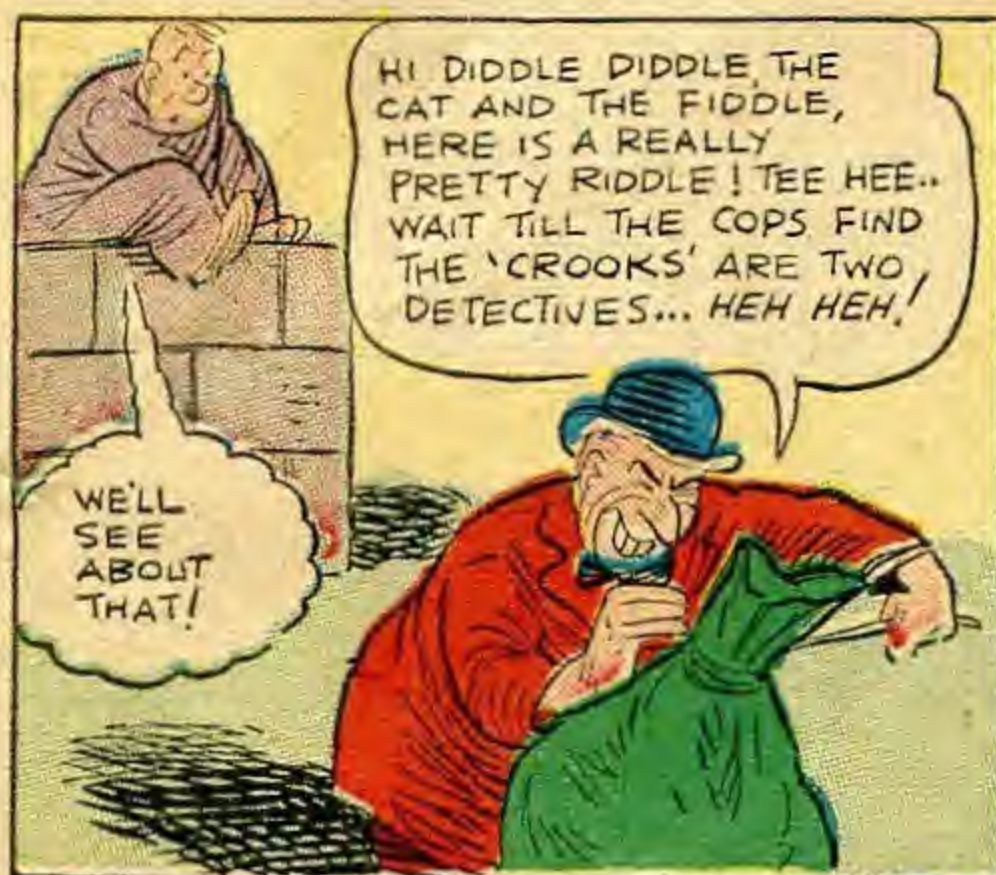
A NICE HAUL AND THE BEST THING IS THAT THOSE TWO GEESE WILL TAKE ALL THE BLAME! HEH HEH! I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE NOW!

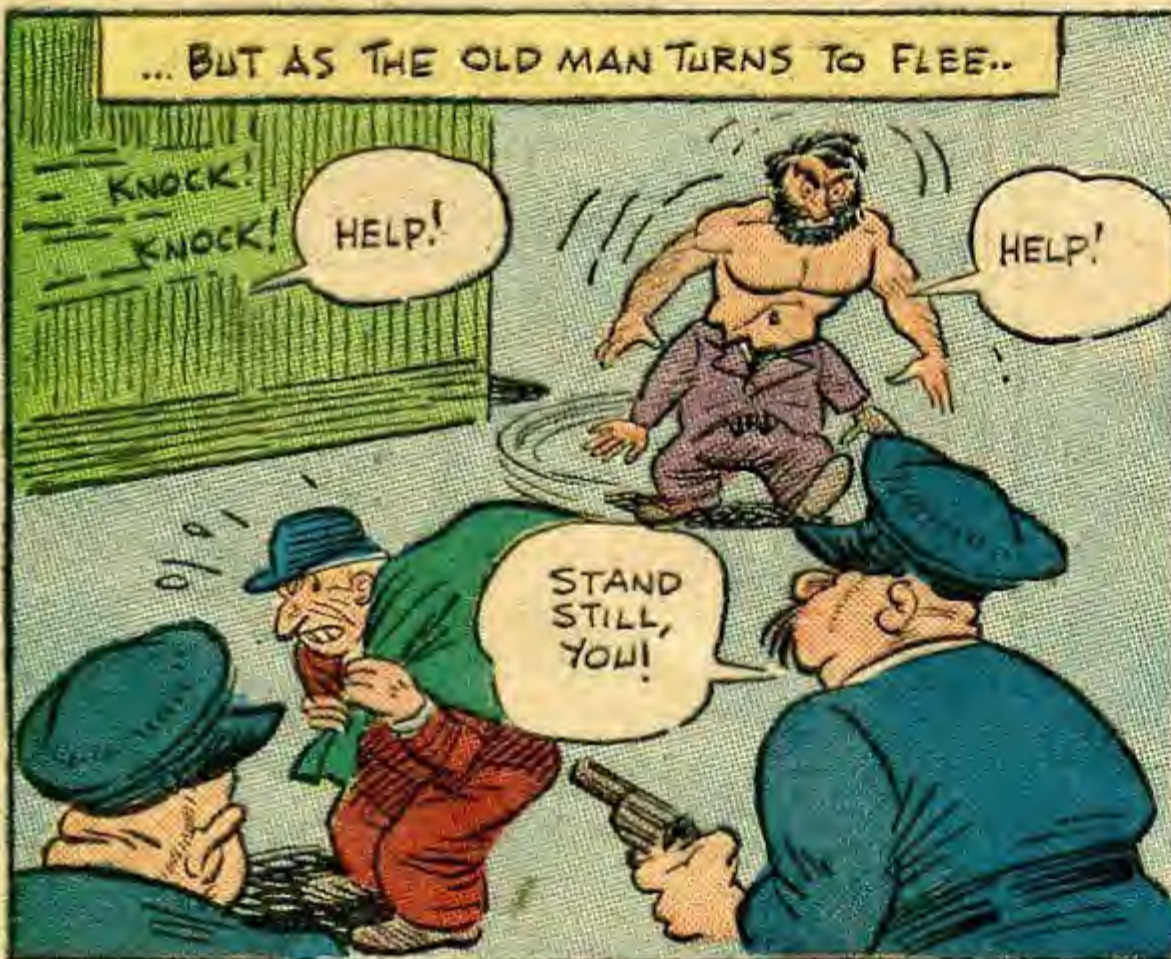


FROM INSIDE THE CUPBOARD, PRANCE HEARS...

HELLO, POLICE? THIS IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AT LACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE. I THINK I HAVE CAPTURED TWO CROOKS!

OH, MY GOSH... HOW EMBARRASSING--EVEN IF WE PROVE WE'RE NOT CROOKS, IT'S STILL GOING TO LOOK BAD! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!





... YES! WHERE IS THE OLD MAN? NEXT MONTH, FLATTY WILL FIND OUT... AND HE'LL BE SORRY... FLATTY, THAT IS, NOT THE OLD MAN!

THE FAMOUS BOOKSTORE MURDER



ANOTHER THRILLING
NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE OF
"BING" DALGREN,
NOTED STAR REPORTER OF
THE TIMES-NEWS.

STORY AND PICTURES BY
THORNTON FISHER



THE MURDER OF ANSON P. ZITTLER ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 14, 1939, ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE COUNTRY—HE HAD BEEN BLUDGEONED TO DEATH, THE KILLER LEAVING NO CLUES—BING DALGREN HAD BEEN THE FIRST NEWSPAPERMAN ON THE SPOT WHEN THE BODY WAS DISCOVERED—IT WAS THE "PERFECT CRIME"—THE POLICE WERE BAFFLED—MR. ZITTLER WAS A RETIRED MERCHANT AND LIVED ALONE—



DALGREN LEARNED THAT MR. ZITTLER WAS AN AVID READER OF BOOKS—WITH THIS SLENDER CLUE THE FAMOUS REPORTER BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE—STARTING DOWNTOWN IN N.Y. HE VISITED EVERY NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKSTORE ON WHAT SEEMED TO BE A HOPELESS SEARCH—



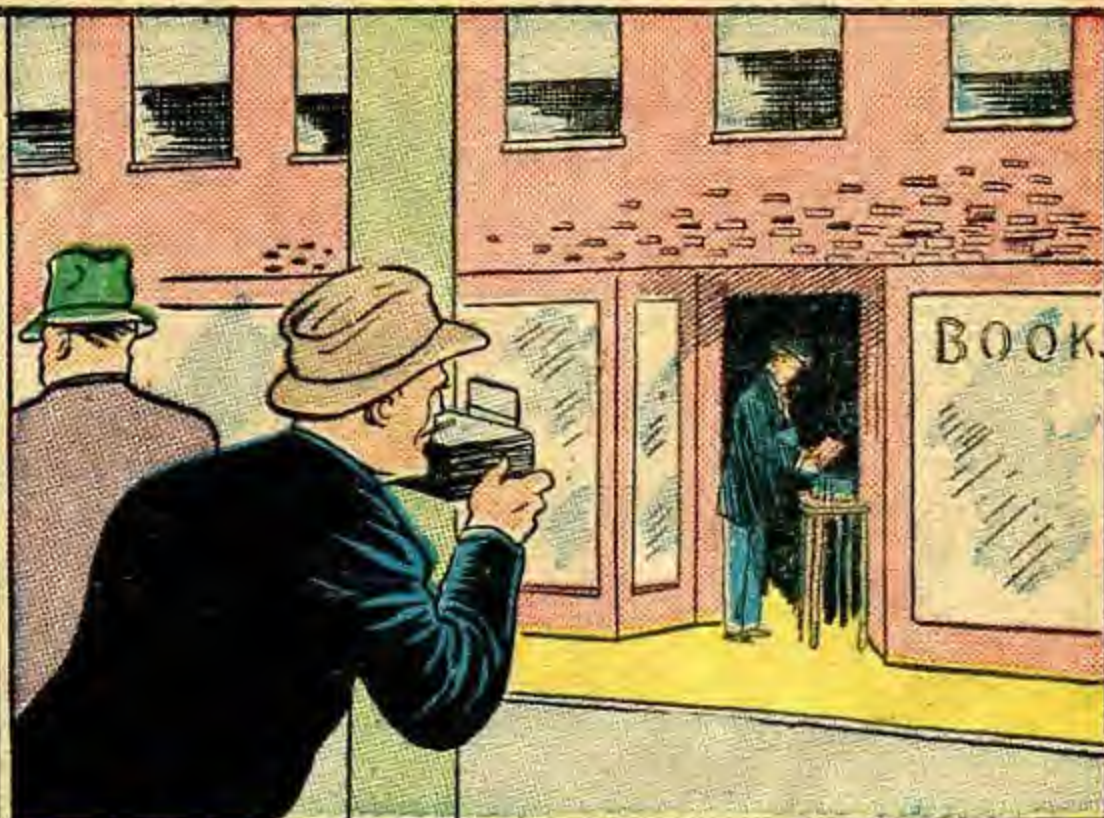
THAT IS, UNTIL BING STUMBLED UPON AN OBSCURE LITTLE BOOK SHOP ON A SIDE STREET IN MIDTOWN—YES, THE ELDERLY BOOK SELLER REMEMBERED MR. ZITTLER SLIGHTLY AS AN OCCASIONAL CUSTOMER WHO PURCHASED DIFFERENT KINDS OF BOOKS—



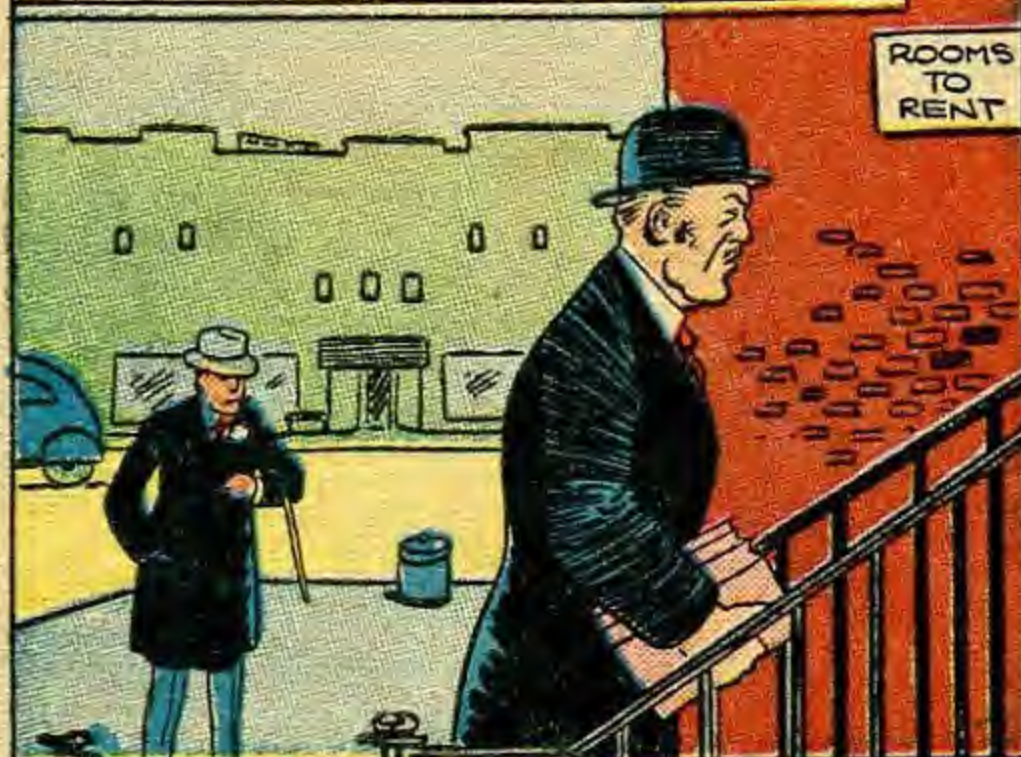
WITH THIS INFORMATION, DALGREN DECIDED TO WATCH THE STORE FROM THE ROOF OF A THREE-STORY BUILDING OPPOSITE—FOR THIS PURPOSE HE USED A SET OF BINOCULARS—



THROUGH HIS GLASSES DALGREN OBSERVED A GERMAN-APPEARING MAN WHO, AFTER THUMBING OVER THE LEAVES OF SEVERAL BOOKS ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SMALL TABLE, BOUGHT THEM—



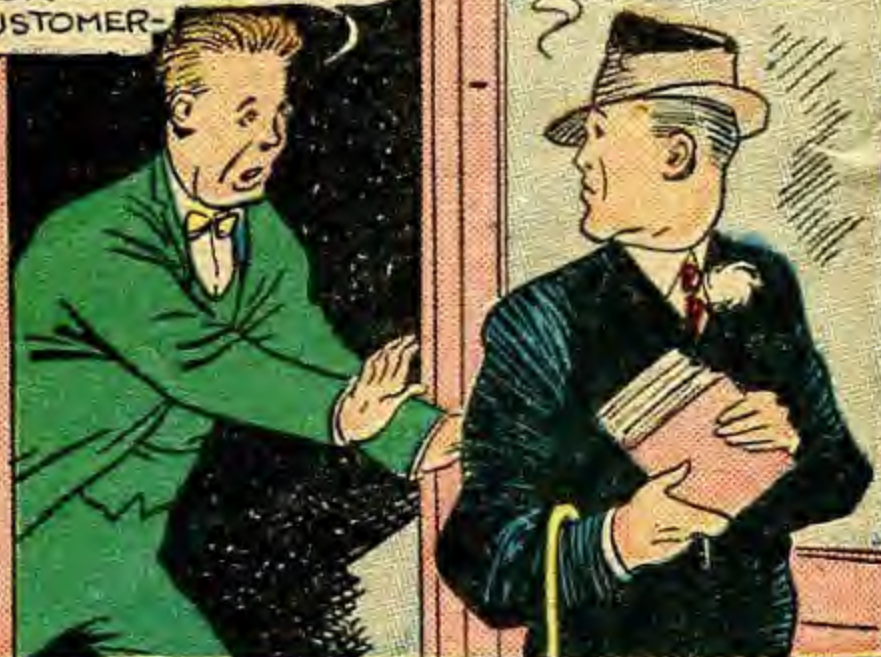
FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE DAYS ON ALMOST THE STROKE OF 11 A.M., THE STRANGER REPEATED THESE ACTIONS, ALWAYS CHOOSING THE BOOKS ON THE LEFT END—THE MAN MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A READER—HOWEVER, DALGREN WAS SUSPICIOUS AND HAD A TIMES-NEWS CAMERA MAN SNAP SOME SHOTS OF THE "BOOK-WORM," USING A TELESCOPIC LENS.



NEXT MORNING AFTER THE MAN HAD MADE HIS USUAL BOOK PURCHASES, BING "TAILED" HIM—THE STRANGER WALKED ONE BLOCK EAST, TWO NORTH, AND FINALLY ENTERED A SHABBY THREE-STORY BUILDING OUTSIDE OF WHICH WAS A SIGN, "ROOMS TO RENT"

YOU MUSTN'T TAKE THOSE BOOKS, SIR—THEY ARE RESERVED FOR A REGULAR CUSTOMER—

WHY ARE THEY OUT HERE THEN?



JOTTING DOWN THE ADDRESS, DALGREN WAITED UNTIL NEXT MORNING WHEN HE WENT TO THE BOOKSTORE AT 10:30 A.M. (HALF HOUR BEFORE THE GERMAN CUSTOMER ARRIVED)—CHOOSING THREE BOOKS FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE TABLE HE WAS SUDDENLY STOPPED BY A YOUNG CLERK—

BUT MISTER, THEY ARE NOT FOR SALE!!

BROTHER, THEY'RE SOLD—THE MOOLAH IS ON THE TABLE—

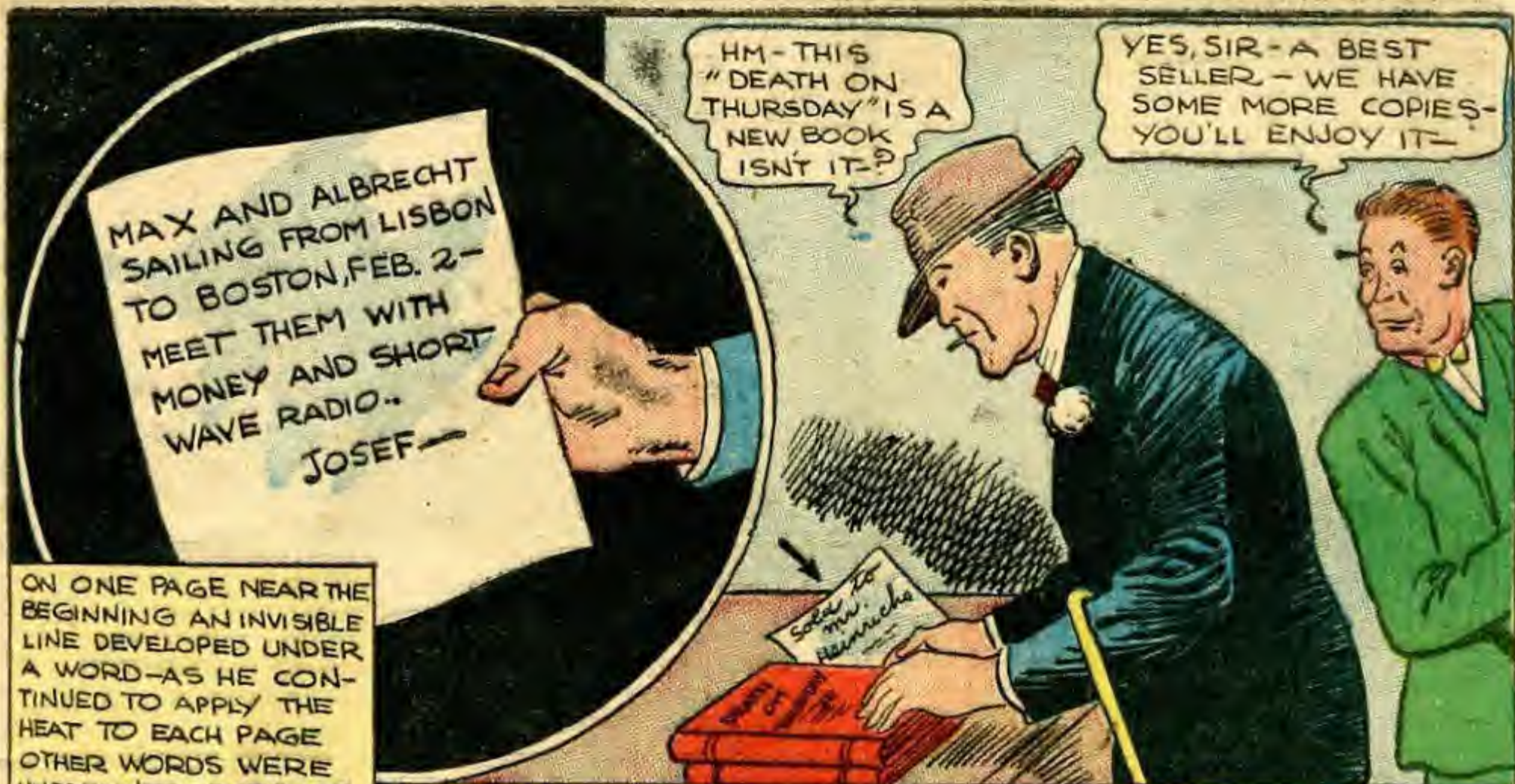


HOWEVER, DALGREN INSISTED ON BUYING THEM AND TOOK THEM—IN HIS APARTMENT BING EXAMINED EVERY PAGE—NONE OF THEM CONTAINED A MARK OF ANY KIND—

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! I THINK I'VE GOT A STORY—AND RIGHT OUT OF THE BOOK—



NOT SATISFIED, THE REPORTER RELIED UPON A SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC TEST—WITH AN ELECTRIC IRON HE PRESSED EACH PAGE OF TWO BOOKS WITH NO RESULTS—APPLYING THE HEAT TO THE PAGES OF THE LAST BOOK PROVIDED AN ASTONISHING REVELATION—



HM - THIS
"DEATH ON
THURSDAY" IS A
NEW BOOK
ISN'T IT?

YES, SIR - A BEST
SELLER - WE HAVE
SOME MORE COPIES -
YOU'LL ENJOY IT -

MAX AND ALBRECHT
SAILING FROM LISBON
TO BOSTON, FEB. 2 -
MEET THEM WITH
MONEY AND SHORT
WAVE RADIO -
JOSEF -

ON ONE PAGE NEAR THE
BEGINNING AN INVISIBLE
LINE DEVELOPED UNDER
A WORD - AS HE CON-
TINUED TO APPLY THE
HEAT TO EACH PAGE
OTHER WORDS WERE
UNDERLINED - PUTTING
THESE UNDERLINED WORDS
TOGETHER DALGREN
DISCOVERED THE
ABOVE MESSAGE -

HERE WAS AN INTERNATIONAL SPY RING OPERATING IN THE VERY HEART
OF BUSTLING NEW YORK - WITHOUT DOUBT MR. THOMPSON, THE
OWNER OF THE BOOKSHOP WAS A COLLABORATOR IN THE CRIME OF
ESPIONAGE - DID HE AND (OR) GUSTAV HEINRICHS, THE CUSTOMER DALGREN
HAD TRAILED, HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER OF ANSON RZITTLER?
BING VISITED THE INTERIOR OF THE BOOKSTORE - HE FOUND THAT THE
YOUNG CLERK HAD PILED UP SEVERAL BOOKS TO WHICH HED ATTACHED A NAME -



I HAVE AN
IDEA THAT
SOMEONE
IS FOLLOW-
ING ME -

CHIEF, I NOT ONLY KNOW
WHO MURDERED ZITTLER
BUT NEXT THURSDAY SOME-
BODY ELSE IS GOING TO
BE BUMPED OFF - AN IMPORT-
ANT GUY - NO
CAN SAY WHO
OR WHERE -

NO -
DON'T
RUN IT -

WELL, LET'S
RUN A STORY
ABOUT IT EVEN
IF IT MAKES
SUCKERS OF
US -

DALGREN KEPT HIS VIGIL NEAR THE STORE -
HEINRICHS NOW CALLED AT 10 A.M FOR HIS
BOOKS, ALWAYS CHOSEN FROM THE LEFT END OF
THE TABLE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING A 9:30 O'CLOCK
BING BOUGHT THREE BOOKS FROM THAT SIDE -
THIS TIME THOUGH, HE WAS TRAILED TO
HIS APARTMENT BY A STRANGE MAN -

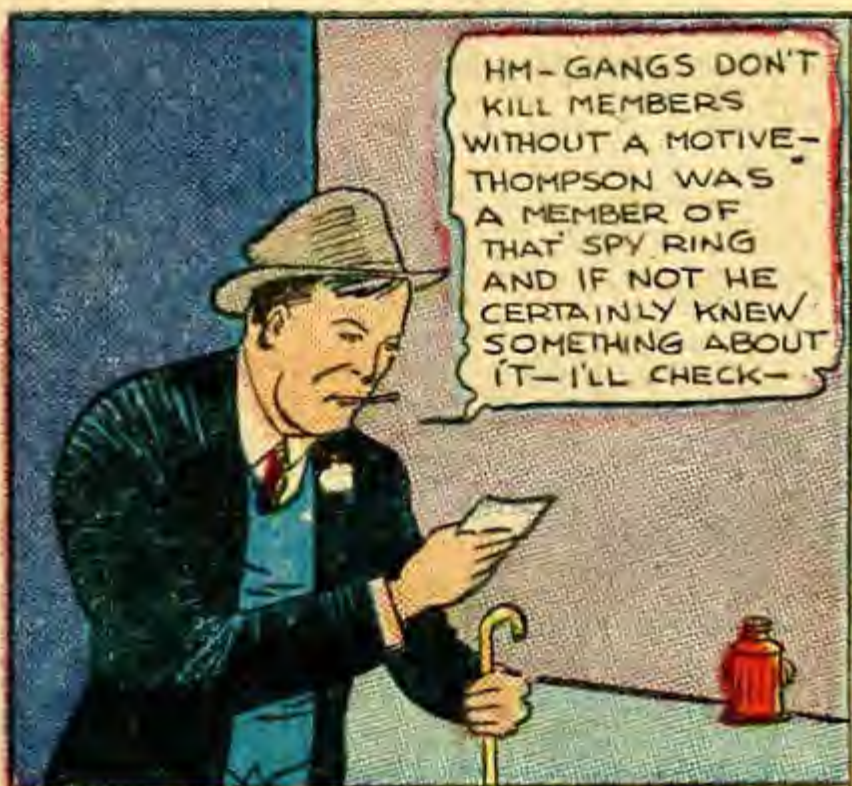
HOWEVER, DALGREN'S ELECTRIC IRON FAILED TO
DEVELOP ANY INVISIBLE LINES IN THE BOOKS -
GRABBING HIS HAT AND CANE THE NOTED
REPORTER HAILED A TAXI AND SPED TO THE
TIMES-NEWS OFFICE FOR A CONFERENCE WITH
HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY - FEELEY WAS
STARTLED AT HIS STAR MAN'S STATEMENTS -



THE FOLLOWING THURSDAY AT 10 P.M. THE BODY OF SYLVANUS
THOMPSON, OWNER OF THE BOOKSHOP, WAS FOUND IN AN ALLEY
NEAR HIS HOME - HE HAD BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD -



DALGREN IDENTIFIED THOMPSON -
WHILE POLICE WERE SEARCHING THE
BODY DALGREN REMOVED A SLIP OF
PAPER FROM THE INNER BAND OF
THE DEAD MAN'S HAT AND HASTILY
PLACED IT IN HIS POCKET UNSEEN -



HM-GANGS DON'T KILL MEMBERS WITHOUT A MOTIVE—THOMPSON WAS A MEMBER OF THAT SPY RING AND IF NOT HE CERTAINLY KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT IT—I'LL CHECK—



COME CLEAN WITH US, KREIDER—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS MURDER?

NOTHING, SIR, I SWEAR—

GENTLEMEN, THE MAN IS AS INNOCENT AS I AM—

LEAVING THE SCENE DALGREN EXAMINED THE PAPER—IT BORE AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE MESSAGE BING HAD DEVELOPED: "MAX AND ALBRECHT SAILING FROM LISBON" ETC. BUT WHY SHOULD THOMPSON BE KILLED IF HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE SPY RING? DALGREN WOULD FIND OUT—

THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY QUESTIONED THE YOUNG CLERK, ADOLPH KREIDER, WHO DENIED ANY KNOWLEDGE—MR. THOMPSON HAD NO KNOWN ENEMIES—DALGREN INTERCEDED FOR THE CLERK WHO WAS RELEASED AND RETURNED TO RUN THE BOOKSHOP UNTIL IT WAS SOLD OR OTHERWISE DISPOSED OF—



THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A KNOCK ON DALGREN'S APARTMENT DOOR—WAS SOMEONE GOING TO TRY TO "GET" HIM?—BING SEIZED HIS PISTOL AND SPRANG TO THE DOOR—



I NOTE THAT GUN, BING—DID YOU EXPECT SOMEONE?—MEN DON'T USUALLY PULL A "GAT" ON VISITORS!

YES, I DID EXPECT SOMEONE—NOT YOU!

OPENING IT HE WAS GREETED BY DETECTIVE LIEUT JAMES HARGER, OF THE POLICE HOMICIDE SQUAD—THE LIEUTENANT BEGAN TO "PUMP" THE BRILLIANT REPORTER—



DALGREN, DO YOU KNOW WHO KILLED ZITTLER AND THOMPSON?

YES, HARGER, OF COURSE I KNOW—THAT'S WHAT MY PAPER PAYS ME FOR—FOR SMELLING OUT NEWS AND DOING A LOT YOU'RE PAID FOR—

LIEUT. HARGER ADMIRERED AND RESPECTED BING DALGREN—HE BELIEVED THAT DALGREN KNEW MORE THAN HE WAS WILLING TO TELL ABOUT THE MURDER OF SYLVANUS THOMPSON AND ANSON P ZITTLER—AND HE WAS RIGHT!



ALL THE NEWSPAPERS WERE BITTERLY CRITICAL OF THE INABILITY OF THE POLICE TO SOLVE THE TWO MURDER MYSTERIES—ALL EXCEPT THE TIMES-NEWS—



YOU'RE A GREAT REPORTER, DALGREN—YOU SAY YOU KNOW THE SCORE—THEN I'LL ARREST AND HOLD YOU AS A MATERIAL WITNESS—

HARGER, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT A NEWSPAPERMAN CAN'T BE COMPELLED TO REVEAL THE SOURCE OF HIS INFORMATION—HERE, HAVE ONE OF MY FAVORITE CIGARETTES—

THE POLICE LIEUTENANT WAS SO ANGERED THAT HE THREATENED TO ARREST DALGREN AND HOLD HIM AS A MATERIAL WITNESS—



"TODAY IN BOSTON, THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY WHERE FREE MEN FOUGHT TWO HITLER-SMELLING SABOTEURS DESCENDED A GANGPLANK TO WAGE SECRET WARFARE—INSTEAD, THEY FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF FEDERAL OPERATIVES WAITING TO RECEIVE THEM—"

AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BING DALGREN BEGAN TO WRITE THE "LEAD" OF WHAT WAS TO BECOME A CLASSIC IN NEWSPAPER WRITING, THOUGH NOT TO BE RELEASED UNTIL A FEW HOURS BEFORE EXPLOSIVE EVENTS—HIS PAPER WOULD HAVE IT READY—



—AND HARGER, DON'T LET YOUR DICK PINCH THE GUY UNLESS HE SEES HIM TRY TO BEAT IT—NOW, DON'T SAY YOUR LITTLE PAL BING DIDN'T WARN YOU!

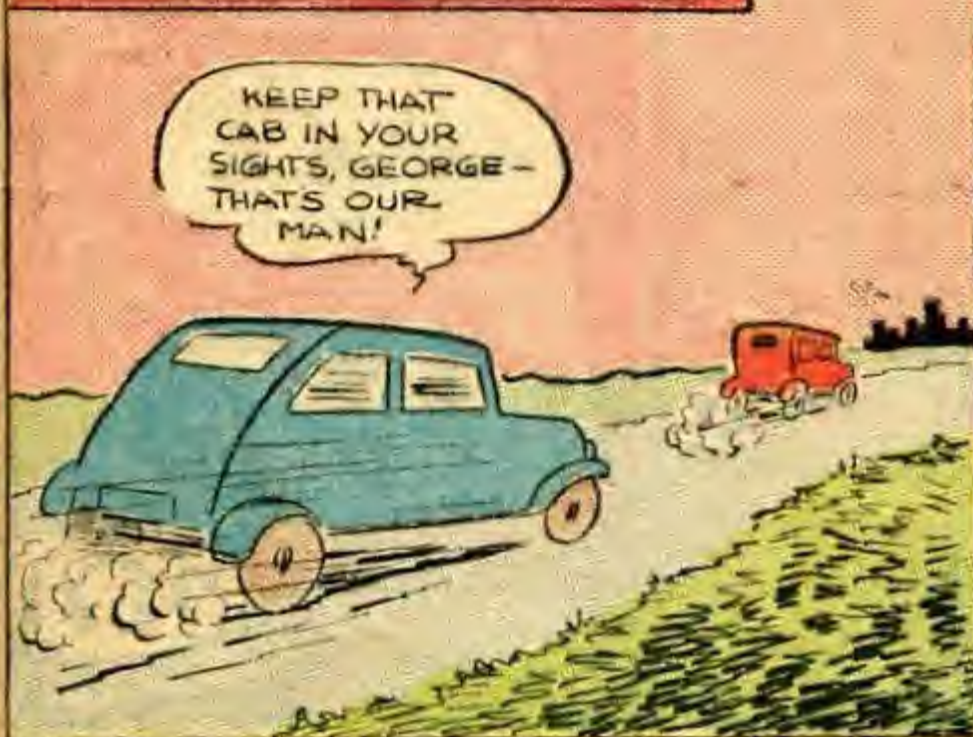


I'LL PUT THEM IN THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT, SIR—

DOT'S FINE—

AT 10 A.M. DALGREN FOLLOWED UNSEEN, GUSTAV HEINRICH'S TO THE NEWARK AIRPORT—HOWEVER, MR. HEINRICH'S WOULD NEVER HAVE RECOGNIZED THE DAPPER NEWSMAN AS HE CLIMBED INTO THE BOSTON BOUND PLANE BEHIND HIM—THEN THE AIRPLANE TOOK OFF—

AT 7 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 8TH, 1939, DALGREN PHONED DETECTIVE LIEUT. HARGER TO POST A MAN ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BOOKSHOP AND ARREST THE YOUNG CLERK ADOLPH KREIDER, IF HE ATTEMPTED TO LEAVE—



KEEP THAT CAB IN YOUR SIGHTS, GEORGE—THAT'S OUR MAN!

ARRIVING AT THE BOSTON AIRPORT TWO FINE-APPEARING MEN FOLLOWED THE TAXI BEARING MR. HEINRICH'S TO THE PIER WHERE THE SHIP FROM LISBON WOULD DOCK—WITH THE TWO MEN WAS BING DALGREN—



OUR LEADER IN N.Y SENT THIS TO YOU, MAX AND ALBRECHT—ALSO THE MONEY—FOLLOW ME TO YOUR QUARTERS—HEIL HITLER!

JA!

HEIL HITLER!

WHEN THE SHIP WAS TIED UP TWO GERMANS STRODE DOWN THE GANGPLANK—AFTER LUGGAGE INSPECTION THEY LEFT AND GREETED GUSTAV HEINRICH'S—HEINRICH'S HAD SEVERAL LARGE PARCELS WHICH HE HANDED TO THEM—



ALLRIGHT GENTLEMEN. PUT THEM UP—

UNCLE SAM WANTS TO SEE YOU BOYS!

AND THEN IT HAPPENED!—THE TWO FINE-APPEARING MEN (FEDERAL OPERATIVES) "PINCHED" THE TWO FOREIGNERS AND ALSO GUSTAV HEINRICHS—IT WAS ALL FLABBERGASTINGLY FAST—



O K, CHIEF—

COPY BOY—COPY BOY!

JACK, RIP OUT THE WHOLE FIRST PAGE—WE'RE PUTTING AN EXTRA ON THE STREET AT ONCE—PLAY THE DALGREN STORY UP FOR ALL—IT'S WORTH—IT'S A WOW!

DALGREN RUSHED TO A PHONE AND ASKED FEELEY HIS EDITOR, TO PUT HIS (BING'S) ALREADY WRITTEN STORY ON THE PRESSES AND THEN NOTIFY THE POLICE TO ARREST THE CLERK, ADOLPH KREIDER, FOR THE MURDER OF ZITTLER, AND THOMPSON—



UM—ALL BRIDGES, DOCKS AND AMMUNITION PLANTS MARKED FOR ATTENTION—THE COMPLETE WORKS—

A GERMAN GUN. BOSS—

KREIDER WAS SEIZED—IN THE BOOKSHOP HIDDEN IN OLD VOLUMES WERE LOCATIONS AND OBJECTIVES LISTED FOR DESTRUCTION IN THE U.S.—AMONG OTHER ITEMS WAS A GERMAN LUGER PISTOL WITH ONE EMPTY SHELL—



GENTLEMEN, I PRONOUNCE THE PRISONER DEAD—

KREIDER WAS CONVICTED OF THE TWO MURDERS AND THE THREE OTHER, GERMANS TOOK A LONG FEDERAL RAP—

MY SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED WHEN THE YOUNG CLERK SHOWED SUCH INTEREST IN MY NOT TAKING THE BOOKS FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE TABLE—I ALSO SUSPECTED HEINRICHS AFTER WATCHING HIM BUY BOOKS DAILY FROM THE LEFT SIDE AND ESPECIALLY AFTER CATCHING THAT MESSAGE IN A BOOK INTENDED FOR HIM—THE BOOK 'DEATH ON THURSDAY' TICKETED TO HIM WAS SIGNIFICANT—I DIDN'T WANT KREIDER ARRESTED UNTIL WE CAUGHT THE GERMAN SABOTEURS THO I KNEW HE WAS GUILTY—IT WOULD HAVE SPOILED THE 'CATCH' IN BOSTON—MR. ZITTLER AND THOMPSON BOTH WERE GOOD AMERICANS AS I CHECKED ON THEM—BOTH OF THEM HAD DISCOVERED THE OPERATIONS OF THIS FOREIGN RING—NATURALLY, THE GANG HAD TO GET RID OF THEM—I WANTED TO "BREAK" THE STORY AND WHEN I WAS SET I NOTIFIED THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES TO NAB THE SABOTEURS AT BOSTON—HOW ABOUT ANOTHER CIGARETTE—



AND THIS IS WHAT BING DALGREN TOLD ME ONE NIGHT WHEN WE RECALLED THE SENSATIONAL STORY—



AGAIN BING DALGREN HAD SCORED A NATIONAL SCOOP.

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS USED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



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